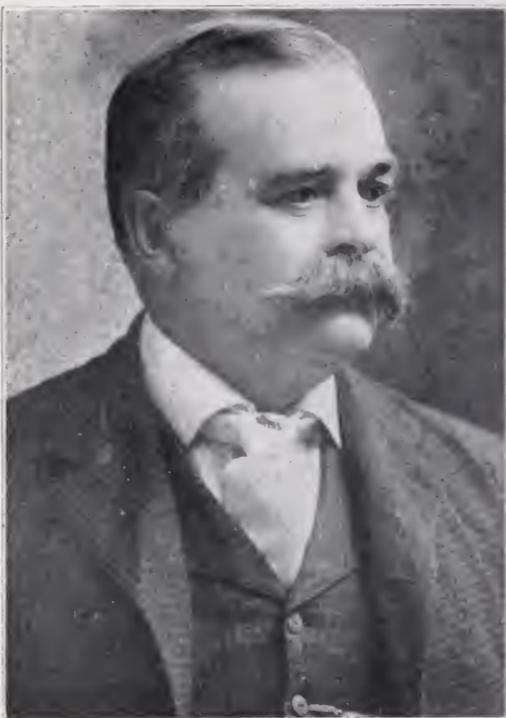


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FRANK HEBERT

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40 Years Prospecting and Mining *in the* Black Hills *of* South Dakota

By FRANK HEBERT

HE TELLS INDIAN STORIES, ROAD AGENT STORIES,
BEAR STORIES, MOUNTAIN LION STORIES, AND A
GHOST STORY. LOCATING COPPER MINES, GOLD
MINES, MICA MINES AND TIN MINES.

RAPID CITY DAILY JOURNAL
Rapid City, South Dakota

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1921
By Frank Hebert

Never mind, Helen, your Uncle Frank is going to tell you a story about the time he was on a Government Survey in western Nebraska; also about some of the things he did and saw while prospecting and mining in the Black Hills of South Dakota for forty years. There is no fiction about it, either, for every word is true. So here goes:

ILLUSTRATIONS

FRANK HEBERT Frontispiece

HORATIO N. ROSS

First Discoverer of Gold in the Black Hills at Custer
July 27, 1875.

H. C. McMACKIN

HELEN

CLARA BELLE CAMP

ST. ELMO PEAK

SILVER TIP FALLS

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HELEN

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CHAPTER I.

YOUNG FORTUNE HUNTER MEETS FIRST ADVENTURE

In the year 1872 I left my home in Joliet, Ill., to try my fortunes in the west. I landed at Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

In the spring of the following year, while working at my trade as a carpenter, a friend, who had signed with Fred Dorrington to work on a government survey in Western Nebraska, called on me to inquire if I would join them and complete the party. I agreed to go and upon asking when we would start was informed that it would be the next morning. I called and saw Mr. Dorrington and I think he liked my looks for he said, "You will do, we start at ten o'clock tomorrow morning, will you be ready?" I told him I would be on hand.

We equipped ourselves with blankets, six-shooters and ammunition and started out as per schedule. Our first stop was at Lincoln. The Capitol of Nebraska had just been moved from Omaha and there was considerable building going on. We went through by way of Seward, Grand Island, and finally North Platte, where we were to wait till the balance of our party arrived from Fall City and Nebraska City. North Platte and Ogalala were about two of the hardest towns in the west in those days, and were shipping points for cattle that were driven from Texas on through to the Union Pacific Railroad. Cowboys predominated in both places.

The next day there was a small circus in town and as everyone seemed to be having a holiday, they were pretty full before the circus started. I was walking around taking in the sights and went into one of the saloons. There was a table in a corner and I went and sat down and picked up an Omaha Bee that happened to be lying there. I heard someone come and yell out. "Come and have something". I paid no attention but

kept on reading. He spoke a couple of times more and still I kept on reading (I didn't want anything to drink). Next thing I knew I saw him coming towards me and yelling, "No one ever refuses to drink with me." Then I was looking down the barrel of his six-shooter and he says, "Will you drink?" Of course I got up and said, "Oh, I don't care if I do, I'm rather hard of hearing and didn't think you were talking to me." That seemed to pacify him a little.

He was good and mad and the way he had of twisting that six shooter around on his finger was a caution. So we walked up to the bar and he slammed his gun down and said, "Have you a tin cup?" and to me, "You will drink out of a tin cup and you will drink it good and full." The bartender said there was no tin cup to be had, but he brought out a big glass. I was supposed to put it out and took a half a glass for myself and then pushed the bottle over to him and he took a like amount. He was cussing and swearing all the time that "No one ever refused to drink with me."

He was over six feet and must have weighed about two hundred and twenty pounds, red headed and red face. He was probably foreman of a big cattle outfit and seemed to be in the habit of having his own way. Just about that time some more men came in and I made room for them between us. They did not need any gun play to make them drink, but took to the bottle right off. As the big fellow became engaged with them he seemed to forget about me so I poured the balance of the whiskey away and ducked out. I made it a point ever since not to have that kind of a thing happen again—never to refuse to drink with a man when he was drunk and had a big six shooter in his hand.

When I came out of that place I found the streets full of people. There was a man, Dave Perry I was told, who owned one of the saloons, galloping up and

down the street with three or four girls. The sheriff stepped out and tried to stop them as they went by, but they simply tried to run him down and he had to dodge the horses. Both doors of Perry's saloon were wide open and they rode right in around the billiard tables and up to the bar. The bartender would hand them a drink and out they would go whooping like Indians. They seemed to be having the time of their lives.

I said to one of the townsmen, "How does it come that they tried to run down the Sheriff? Can't he get anyone to help him? It looks like he ought to take a shot at some of those fellows." "Well," he said, "Dave Perry has a bigger following than the sheriff. Every one of those fellows you see with the chaps and spurs would fight for Perry. But there is an element in this town that is getting tired of that and there will be something doing one of these days."

We were camping a little way out of town and I went out to dinner so as to get back in time for the circus. The show was about ready to start when I returned and there did not seem to be room in that little tent for one quarter of the people who were heading that way. Pretty soon the band struck up and the crowd rushed in and soon filled the tent. I was outside with probably a couple of hundred more men. Along about then came Dave Perry and his girls. We made room for them and Perry said to the ticket collector: "Take down the front of that tent." The collector said, "You will have to see the boss about that." "You take a look at the boss, I am the boss, you take it down and do it pretty quick, too," as he swung out his sixshooter. The collector went around and got some men and it wasn't long before we were all able to view the show. Perry said "I will pay for this crowd, now go on with the show."

I remember a clown came out and sang a song. It seemed to tickle Perry, as he ordered him back to sing it several times more. The same way with some

of the other acts that were performed. He kept them performing as long as it pleased him and there was no telling how long he would have kept it up if he had not got thirsty and made a bee line for the saloon. As quick as he left the circus was over. I was told later that he settled with those people satisfactorily, but they weren't long in taking down their tent and moving.

After the circus a couple of my partners and I went back to the bar room where I met the bad man. There was a big crowd there and my big red faced man was among them. He said to one of his cowboys, "Go and hold this card (I think it was the five of hearts) and I will shoot the spot out of it." The shot missed the card and went through the cowboy's hand. He was immediately rushed to a doctor and the boss set the drinks up for the house. That seemed to be satisfactory to all parties.

I was about the only tenderfoot in our party and was kind of curious to go down that night and see the doings. About nine o'clock we concluded to go down and stick close together. We went into Dave Perry's saloon and it was full. They were passing the drinks over the bar as fast as they could. We stepped up and got our beer, and it didn't cost us anything, either.

Buffalo Bill was there and it seemed as if he was running the town that night as Dave Perry ran it during the day. He and his partners had their six shooters working and just about shot the back bar and mirrors full of holes. The bartender did not seem to be afraid and when they shot he would just move his head to one side or the other and they would shoot on all sides of him. Apparently they were after Dave Perry for I heard Buffalo Bill say, "We will get him if he is in town." Later on I heard some one had handed Perry an envelope with a piece of hemp in it and it was supposed he took the hint and left on the first train out for Omaha. I also heard his man telegraph him at

Omaha to duplicate his bar for Buffalo Bill had given him a check to cover the cost of the damage.

Before we left the next day we took a trip to town and it didn't seem as if the people were sobered up yet. I saw Buffalo Bill and Ned Buntling walking ahead of me and as they had to go down a step to cross an alley Buffalo Bill had to help Buntling, who sat right down on the step and said, "I don't go another step." "Come on," said Buffalo Bill, "Let's go in and sit down on a chair." "No," said Ned, "this is good enough for me." "All right," said Buffalo Bill and left him. At that time Buffalo Bill had a fine ranch out of town and made his headquarters there.

That afternoon we filled up our party and moved on towards Sidney. The country did not seem to be very well settled west of North Platte, but once in a while we would see a cow ranch. We followed the line of the Union Pacific pretty close and the second night out the boys saw some cattle. Some of them were walking on ahead of the party and came on to these cattle. They picked out a yearling, shot it and came back with the report they shot a slow elk, and then loaded it on to the wagon.

There was a man named Sanger, who was to have charge of one of the units, that is a transit and four men. Apparently he had a pull for he was a politician from New York, a graduate of Harvard and seemed to be about twenty-three or four years old. He was very well educated and used good language at all times. Where he made his big mistake was in correcting our language. He did not associate with us much, having a tent of his own and in fact would hardly treat us civilly. He would coop himself up in his little tent after the day's travel and busy himself with some writing.

That night while we were eating supper, the nicest kind of veal, Sanger said, "Do you know who owned these cattle?" The men said they didn't. "Well, you

may find out some day." "I suppose you will inform on us" one of the fellows spoke up. "May be I will, I don't like the idea of traveling with a lot of rowdies, hoodlums and cattle thieves. There are none of you that can even talk English." "You can strike right out and leave us, and if you keep this kind of talk up, you may have to go before very long," one of the boys said. He answered, "I don't know about that, I will go when I get ready." With that he went off to his tent to continue his writing. Some of the boys remarked: "That fellow is a government spotter or something, and he is with this party to keep track of what is going on. I think we will make the party interesting for that duck before he is through."

H. C. McMackin seemed to have charge of the outfit till we reached Sidney. He was an old freighter from Plattsmouth to Denver in the early days, a thorough westerner and afraid of nothing. We were to remain at Sidney till our escort was ready to join us. This was to be composed of twenty soldiers under command of Sergeant Molloy. Fred Dorrington, George Fairfield and other parties joined us there.

It was there that I saw Pawnee Killer, a big Ogalala Chief. In his party were the biggest Indians I ever saw. Seven of them were being weighed and they went from a hundred and seventy, the lightest, all the way to two hundred and fifty pounds a piece.

A year or so before that a man by the name of Bunk had a government survey contract along the Republican river. This Pawnee Killer and his band killed all of Buck's party. There wasn't one left to tell the story. All that could be learned was what Pawnee Killer told the authorities at Sidney. He claimed that his son and another chief's son ran onto the surveyors and were both killed. The Indians found out what happened to the boys and reported the killing to Pawnee Killer. He and his band went up to Buck and

demanded the surrender of the killer, or he would kill every one of them. Of course they refused to give him up and so the Indians wiped out the party and burned their wagons.

The Buck party outfitted themselves at Plattsmouth and in the party was a young fellow by the name of Levey. He made the remark several times that he was going to kill the first Indian he saw. He had a big dirk knife with his initials cut in the bone handle. This was found in the grass close to the remains of the wagon all rusted with blood. What the Indians did with the bodies no one knows.

George Fairfield of our party, one of the oldest surveyors in the State of Nebraska, who helped survey the whole state from the Missouri river to the Wyoming line (part of the time he had contracts of his own and other times worked for others) finished Buck's contract and his boy found that knife and had it with him on this trip.

The swiftest dressmaker I ever saw was a squaw who belonged to Pawnee Killer's band. The Indians would come to trade at the government store. Sidney was a fort in those days. I saw her come out of the store and step off the platform with a piece of calico all rolled up. I watched her as she commenced to unroll the goods. She took one switch around her arm and over her shoulder on the opposite side; then around her waist, she seemed to be pulling some pins out of her old dress, she wrapped the calico around her thighs, and then put in three or four pins; then around her waist and shoulders; and then once more a little lower down, then some more pins. She walked off a few steps, gave a couple of kicks and off came the old dress and she walked away with the new one on.

"There," I said, "is the swiftest dressmaker I ever saw."

She picked up her old dress, wrapped it up, tied a string around it and the job was over.

In a few days our escort was ready and we struck out in a northwestern direction. We went out thirty or forty miles and finished a piece of work, which we were at for about a month. We then were to go to the Wyoming line, about thirty miles distant.

The weather got pretty hot and we were to go on to Lawrence's Fork to camp for the night. That year was a very dry one and most of the water courses were dried up, but there was supposed to be plenty of water in Lawrence's Fork. We reached there about four o'clock. We were fortunate, too, as our mules were about played out and refused to go any further, but, to our great disappointment, we could find no water. In fact we did not know where to go for water, anyhow.

We unhitched the mules and Dorrington and our transit men, Fairfield, Wells and Sanger, who had charge of the three units of our party, and Serg. Molloy went into consultation on what to do.

Another young fellow and myself were lying under a wagon talking over the situation, which was getting pretty trying. No water and the mules refusing to go any further. I did not want to chip in with my views, but said to my partner, "This stream runs water some times and there must be some on bedrock now, it may be five feet and it may be twenty feet, but what do you say, let's you and I go over and dig around in the sag and see if we can't get a little water." He agreed to go and we struck out with our spades. We worked for about half an hour and got down three or four feet. The sand seemed to be getting quite wet.

The rest of the party spotted us about that time and Dorrington and Sanger came over and wanted to know what we were trying to do. I said, "Sometimes there is water in this sand drain and there must be some yet on bed rock." Serg. Molloy came over and they

talked the matter over and concluded the idea was all right. As the soldiers had spades and we had several, they gave orders for the whole outfit to come over and for three or four men to work in the hole at a time, and when they got tired more men were to jump in and dig as fast as they could.

The way that sand flew for an hour or so was a caution. The hole when completed was about fifteen feet deep and was twenty feet across the top. We struck a kind of chalky bed rock, partly decomposed on top and there was a slimy white water coming in. By punching into it with our spades we made a pit about two feet deep. The water would keep coming about as fast as we could pass it up for the mules to drink. The mules stood around in a circle at the top of the pit and watched us work. They seemed to smell the water. By ten that night everyone seemed to have about all the water they wanted. From that time on I had a little more attention paid to me than before, as they gave me credit for the water.

CHAPTER II.

BOYS KICK FOR BETTER FOOD AND GET IT

We pulled out early next morning and by that night found our corners at the Wyoming line. We started to work north and sectionized for a while. What transpired for a month or so was of no importance, only this: One of the boys found a cabin close to a little spring running out of the rock. There was evidence that some one went there for water once in a while. We camped close by so as to us that water. Very often we worked Sundays just the same as any other day, but this Sunday we did not.

As I was strolling around I came onto the cabin. There were no windows in it, but some of the chinking was loose so I got a look in. I could see a fire place, a coffee pot, a frying pan, some poles in a corner for a bed and an old stool. As I was leaving I came to a hole which seemed to be about four feet square. I looked down and saw a rattlesnake all coiled up. I should judge he was six or seven feet long and he did not seem to mind my looking at him in the least, but I just turned loose and let him have the six shots in my pistol.

It had been warm for about a week and I was not feeling quite well. I had been living pretty hard on bacon, biscuits and coffee. Fat, greasy bacon, and most of the time hard biscuits. The boys had been kickiing for a month about the grub. They made all kinds of threats what they would do, go on a strike, etc., but they never d'd anything. There was no excuse for living that way for there was plenty of game and the outfit could have detailed a man to keep us in fresh meat, or make arrangements with one of the soldiers to do it. They figured that as long as no one kicked that it was cheaper to feed that way.

Anyhow that morning I got up on the wrong side to and my breakfast was before me as usual, consisting of a piece of bacon swimming in grease, two biscuits on another tin plate and the coffee pot—I could help myself. I took one look at that mess and got mad, took another and got madder. I was about ready to go to work without any breakfast. I had my six-shooter on and was ready to leave camp. Most of the boys were a few rods away getting ready to strike off. I was certainly hungry but couldn't eat that stuff.

I saw Fred Dorrington sitting in the shade of the wagon consulting with Wells, Fairfield and Sanger. I went right up to him and said, "Fred Dorrington, you are a gosh burned son of a gun ! ! ! ! ! , etc., you have a contract to do this surveying for the Government at a good figure, and you are going to make lots of money out of it. Here you are starving your men. I am no kicker, but I don't do another tap of work till I get something to eat." I was talking pretty loud and turned around and saw some of the boys standing right behind me. I knew then I had good backing, so I continued. "If you took this contract too cheap you are a damned fool if you expect to take it out of the grub you feed the men." He looked at the other boys, and I noticed he was getting uneasy. He said, "Frank, come here," as he walked around the wagon. "This is getting pretty serious, this will put a stop to our work." I said, "No, it won't, you get something to eat for the men and they will work." He said, "I will do that, but what am I going to do right now?" I told him I would fix that if he would see to it that we got better grub.

I went back to where the boys were gathered, expecting to back me up if I needed it, and said to them, "Boys, we have been working on this grub all summer and we can do it a little longer, let's all go back to work. I will guarantee that we will get better grub

pretty soon, for we got them a going". They all agreed to go back to work.

When I got back to camp I found Dorrington alone. "What did you do with them," he said, "that they are all going out to work?" I said, "Just told them to go and that you would have better grub for them just as soon as you could get it." He said, "I will get your breakfast," but I told him it was not necessary. But he said, "I have a few cans of tomatoes, a can of corn and a few other things that I brought in case of sickness, and I also have a little medicine if you want any." Told him I would get my own breakfast, but asked to see the medicine. He came back with a third of a tin cup of the best kind of whiskey. I drank it and was ready to eat anything.

The soldiers were camped pretty close and Serg Molloy came over about then, and seeing that I wasn't working wanted to know what was the trouble. Told him I wasn't feeling well, that I was living on sowbelly too long and it did not agree with me. He said, "Come over with me and I will give you a piece of venison." Went with him and got a nice piece of fresh meat and then came back and got my breakfast. By that time I was feeling pretty good.

Dorrington was very sociable, and I said to him, "Fred, how can you do that, get a lot of men and starve them to death to save a few dollars? You don't know how near you came to a good sized mutiny two or three weeks ago, but the bunch didn't have the nerve to go through with it. There is no occasion for this. You can make arrangements with one of the soldiers to keep us in fresh meat and when they go to Sidney after rations you can send for a few vegetables for us. It does not take much to keep all hands in good humor."

"Well, he said, "tomorrow McMackin hitches up his mules and takes me to Sidney. I have some business at Plattsmouth in the Surveyor General's office

and I will hurry right back and we will have plenty of stuff to eat. This is the first contract I ever took and I left everything to George Fairfield. I thought he had lots of experience, as you know he surveyed all over the State and I just ordered what he told me to."

I said, "Well, George Fairfield can live on bacon and biscuits if he wants to, but the rest of us have had enough of it."

He replied, "To tell the truth I am pretty tired of it myself."

McMackin and Dorrington started out bright and early next morning and were back again in about four days.

Sanger had sent for three gallons of whiskey for himself. This arrived in a demijohn covered with wicker. He immediately took it out of the wagon and transferred it to his tent and evidently sampled it right off. He never was known to come and associate with us at the camp fire, but this night he came out after supper and was very agreeable. Every once in a while he would get up and go to his tent. After the third or fourth trip he seemed to feel kind of drowsy, as he cocked himself up on his elbow and was soon asleep.

One of the boys went into his tent and came out with the demijohn and hid it behind a rock. He came to me and said, "Come on, let's celebrate, too". They had taken out about three quarts so it was pretty hard for me to get a drink. The hole was too big. I set the bottle up on the rock and let it down to get some and it splashed all over my face and came near strangling me. The next time I made a better job of it and drank all I could, and then went back to the camp fire.

Everyone was feeling pretty jolly. There was lots of singing and by the time I had taken about three drinks I felt like doing a little myself. In those days I knew one song, and that was "Tim Flannigan's Wake", and I started dancing around Sanger singing this song. It seemed as if they all knew it for they joined in and

all the pow-wows and Indian dances weren't in it with us for about two hours. We finally got tired of that and sat down to smoke.

I knew where there was an empty pint bottle so I got it and filled it and put it under Sanger's pillow. Soon after we emptied the demijohn and picked up Sanger and carried him to his bed. I said, "Here lies the Harvard graduate, the lawyer and politician of New York, here is what he has come to out in the wild west. He will learn something after a while. He did not seem to know much when he joined us."

Before we moved camp I was getting water at the little spring and when I stood up not two feet from me stood the wildest specimen of humanity I ever saw. He reminded me now of the pictures the cartoonists make of the Bolsheviks. I stepped back a couple of steps and stared. "I could have scalped you if I liked" he said. I asked him where he came from and he said. "Oh, Pine Ridge is my home, but that little cabin down there belongs to me." The place was out of the way and the country rough. We had trouble getting in there with our wagon. Undoubtedly he would steal cattle along with his Indian friends and drive them off to Pine Ridge.

He came over to our camp that night and I told him about the big snake I killed over by his cabin. "Hell," he said, "did you kill that snake? I had him all summer and he was becoming a great pet." Told him I was sorry but he didn't seem to worry about it.

We had a big black dog that one of the boys stole from a settler's cabin soon after we left North Platte. Next morning the dog was missing and the stranger had found another pet to take the place of his snake.

Soon after that we moved our camp to a place called Mud Springs. It was on the old emigrant road made by Brigham Young and party on their way to Utah. The Oregon emigrants did considerable freight.

ing over it, too. These parties made deep ruts in the road for about three hundred feet wide. In the ruts the sunflowers started growing and you could see a row of them for miles up and down that road and it made a very nice looking strip of country.

At one time there had been a station house at that point. We camped there for quite a while as it was a nice location. One Sunday we were to have a horse race, or rather a horse and mule race. The finish was to be close to where the old house stood. The old building was pretty well washed down with the exception of one corner. The walls seemed to be about two feet thick and the bottom was all honeycombed. I was leaning against it watching the race and felt it give with me. After the race I said to one of the boys. "Let's push this corner over" which we did. The base was just full of rattle snakes. There was a nest of them two feet thick, their heads sticking out in every direction. That was the awfulest mess of snakes I ever saw. It was dreadful and for months after I could see them every night in my sleep. A couple of the boys went and got spades and wanted to chop them up and asked me to join them, but I declined—my stomach would not admit of it.

One time while with the party on survey we saw a nice looking peak ahead. The transit man of the party said to me. "We pass close by that peak. You can climb it if you want to, we will get along without you." I went on ahead and got pretty close to the top when I struck a trail. That is, it looked to me like a trail so I followed it up. I got to a point where it shelved and there was a cave on it. I won't say how many human bones there were in it, but there were six or eight skulls and I didn't stop to make sure of my count either. The whole floor seemed strewed with bones. It looked as if the coyotes were devouring humans there. Whether they were Indians or whites I can't say.

Finally I reached the top and looking down on the north side saw some wild horses. They must have been about a mile away and as it wasn't necessary for me to go on beyond that point till my party caught up I sat and watched the horses. Finally I saw one start on a trot and commence to round up the bunch. In about ten minutes he had them pretty well bunched up and struck right out on a good stiff gait with them all following. There must have been several hundred in the herd.

I told the boys about the cave that night and several of them went over and got skulls. Young Fairfield had one that was pretty well preserved and he put a little dirt in it and planted a cactus. After that he made it a point to put that thing pretty close by my place at the table. The ground served as a table with a tarp spread for a tablecloth. I told him he had better keep that thing near his own place as I did not care for it as an ornament.

The knife Fairfield had found belonging to the Buck party had been stolen from him and he made a lot of fuss as to who had the bloody thing. I made the remark that I wouldn't have it around me. They kept stealing it from one another right along. The next day McMackin said to me, "I had that knife for a long time in the front of my wagon box, between the tool box in front and the wagon. Now it is gone. keep an eye open and tell me who has it." It seemed as if everyone wanted it. One night while digging down in my war bag for something I ran across the knife and scabbard. Evidently someone put it there figuring it would be a safe place, as none of them would expect me to have it after all I said. Well, I let it stay there. At any rate it was supposed I had no use for the knife or things like that, and so Fairfield would place the skull there to get my goat. The next time he set it in front of me I gave it a kick and knocked it to pieces. That put an end to it and nothing was said, either.



H. C. McMACKIN

We were camped pretty much towards the head of Pumpkinseed Creek and I struck out one morning on my line and stopped about noon for the party to come up. We had our lunch and seemed to have a pretty long trip in front of us. The main party was supposed to go along east and make a camp on the other side of the ridge and we were to survey across and find them on the other side. I went on ahead and about four o'clock I was getting pretty well on the ridge. It was pretty rough traveling and I made no pretenses to keep the line. I was supposed to get on top. It got along to about five o'clock and when I got to the top there was the darkest cloud I ever saw. It seemed to be whirling and to be coming straight for me. The wind was howling and it got dark very quick. It didn't seem that a person could stand up to that hail and rain that was coming, it looked fearful. So I started on back the nearest way I thought to get to my party. It was getting very dark and I started at a pretty stiff pace down the mountain, it seemed I could not stop but kept jumping stiff-legged. Soon I came to a gully that was fourteen or fifteen feet across. I could not clear it, so had to jump down. I stopped with a bump on the other bank. By that time the rain and hail were coming down in torrents. On one side I found a kind of protection so I made use of it. I thought it would be a pretty bad place if the rain kept up very long. The water started coming down, but it did not reach the shelf I was on. After the storm let up I tried to get out, but the walls were too steep at that point. I decided to walk up the gully a ways and finally found a way out. I got back on the ridge again when the stars came out.

It seemed to be pretty good walking west and as our main camp had started with the soldiers they were now supposed to be on the other side. I thought I would take chances and go over on that side. I traveled along I suppose till about ten o'clock but thought

I was going too much west. I went on a little further and soon saw a light down there. I figured it was the soldiers and that our camp must be close by. I reasoned that there was a light and I might be mistaken in my direction, but there was no one else in the country but the soldiers and our party, so I headed for the fire. I got down pretty well to the foot of the ridge when I saw two lights. Didn't go much further when I saw three lights and I figured "Guess that is too many lights, but will go down anyhow." It wasn't long till a dog commenced barking and then there seemed to be about twenty more joining him. Soon I heard Indians yelling and then they kicked out the fires. I started back up that mountain and there is where I found I could jump over boulders pretty good. A rock three or four feet high, I did not go around but jumped over. There was a great commotion down there in camp. I don't know how big the party was, but it was big enough for me. They didn't seem to be following as the dogs soon ceased barking.

When I reached the top I figured I had been going dead wrong along that ridge and as I traveled back commenced to get pretty tired and hungry. I tried to find the place where I started on the ridge and knew that if I went far enough east it would play out. I got to a place where it looked pretty good so went down. I knew I would find the wagon tracks some place along the foot in daylight. Got down pretty close to the foot of the ridge and built a small fire in a little gulch. The Indians could not see my fire for I was out of their range, so I huddled up against a big rock and went to sleep. I froze out in the morning, built another fire and warmed myself again.

When it got good and light I got up on the bank and saw what must have been a herd of five or six hundred antelope close by. I only had three bullets in my pistol so I figured I had better be saving with them. I

crawled up on them as close as I could without frightening them. Got down in a low place and as I had a red bandanna handkerchief, I put it on the end of my pistol and waved it, then ducked down in the hole again. I watched one of them come up to within thirty feet to investigate the red bandanna. I took careful aim and shot him right in the neck and down he went—a lucky shot. It wasn't long till I cut in on his hams and had some slices of meat out, a fire going and made out a pretty good breakfast. I cut out two or three more pieces, cooked them and started down to look for wagon tracks. I found them all right and struck out on the trail. Followed the tracks all day and must have gone fifteen miles before I found the camp. They told me there was a party out looking for me and they had fires burning all night. Then I related my experiences. We made that a permanent camp for about a week.

The next morning I struck out on my line again and went north in the direction of the North Platte river. Along about noon I stopped and waited for my transit man to come up and said "Bill, I have no water and it don't look good to me in front, what are we going to do?" He said, "You can have some of mine." I told him I didn't want to rob him of his but he said, "Go ahead and drink, I don't need as much water as you. Go as far as you can, for you know three or four days ago one of the boys found water on one of those buttes and they are not over four or five miles away. If it comes to the worst you can go there, but I think we might find some on the way."

I started out again and kept on till about four o'clock in the heat and sand and then stopped to wait for the chainman to come up. He did not know what to do but when Billy Wells arrived he said, "I think we have gone far enough with what provisions and water we have, let's go back to camp." I said "Can you get back

to camp?" He thought he could, but I told him I could not. Another of the men said the same, then I said, "I am going over to that butte and get a drink, its not over five miles. My lips are beginning to swell now." I just started right out. I got about a quarter of a mile or so and looked back and saw one of the others coming. The others were still sitting and talking. I traveled on five or ten minutes and again looked back and saw two of the men following and the others starting back for the main camp. They had to go about twenty miles I guess.

It was a nice evening, plenty of stars and the deer would jump up when we passed close by them and run off. The other fellows caught up to me as I was taking it easy, saving myself all I could. One of them said, "You don't want to drink too much water." I said, "I am awful dry." I didn't want to do much talking and didn't want to spend my breath for anything. In course of time we got there and waded right in and got right down on our hands and knees and drank like horses. When I had my fill I filled the canteen, and as it was a nice, starry night we concluded we would start right back to camp. We reached there in time for breakfast and with an empty canteen.

CHAPTER III.

OUTFIT BEGIN THE EDUCATION OF AN EASTENER

About two weeks after that on a Sunday we were camped close to where there was water and we thought it a good time to do some washing. While we were at the washing one of the boys remarked, "Don't you notice that Sanger does a lot of scratching, he must be lousey." Another one said he was going to find out and went over to Sanger's tent to get one of his shirts while he was away. Sure enough it was full of lice and nits. Pretty soon Sanger came in and they said to him, "Why don't you wash your clothes once in a while like the rest of us? You are just as lousey as you can be." He said it was a lie. One of the men showed him some on his shirt and said, "If you don't clean up like the rest of us it will go hard with you." Sanger said, "Who will make it go hard with me?" The fellow said, "I will," and hauled off and gave him a punch in the jaw, straightened him up with another like it and the third time he hit him knocked him flat. Dorrington and Fairfield came over about then and wanted to know what the trouble was. The fellow told him that Sanger was lousey, but denied it, and that when Sanger called him a liar he punched him in the jaw and would do it again if he did not clean up like the rest. When Sanger got straightened around again Dorrington told him he had better clean up, which he did. That is he scalded his clothes and got rid of the lice. I think some of the kinks were taken out of Mr. Sanger right there.

While I was on ahead of the party the next day I heard a commotion right ahead of me and met a horse. He did not stop till he was within three rods of me on a little ridge. It seemed to startle him and he commenced to paw the ground and edge towards

me. He was within thirty feet of me and still pawing the ground and coming on so I took aim with my six shooter and let him have it. I meant to crease him in the neck but shot a little low and hit him on the shoulder. He was a fine looking stallion and weighed in the neighborhood of a thousand pounds. His mane came to his knees. When I shot he started to spin around in a circle and I had to get out of his way. I did not intend to kill him, so let him go. He had got away from a herd apparently. Well that horse was seen dozens of times during the summer and the soldiers tried to catch him, but they couldn't. He seemed to be lame when they watched him through their glasses, but when they got close to him he was not lame a little bit and would lose them in no time.

We started to move camp one afternoon and only got part way to our destination when we had to put up for the night. I slept under a fly that we used to attach to the wagon and weight the other end down. I had my place near a front wheel whenever we camped. McMackin's wagon was full and he threw out his bed roll beside me, as we were pretty good friends.

Shortly afterwards Sanger came around with his roll and said to me, "Whose bed is that?" I told him McMackin's. He picked it up and threw it out of the way. He said, "Damn McMackin, let him go and sleep in his own wagon." I told him there would be trouble. McMackin came and saw his bed out there and asked, "Whose bed is this, who threw my bed out?" I told him Sanger and he threw that bed out further than his own and put his back and again went away. Sanger came and found his bed on the outside and he said, "McMackin do that?" I told him he did and he said, "I will fix McMackin" and took the bed and was just about to throw it out when McMackin came around the wagon. He made a grab for Sanger and started choking him. He jerked away but McMackin caught

him again and gave him three or four good punches. Sanger said, "You are bigger than I am, I can't fight like a dog." McMackin said, "Go and get your gun and fight like a man." Sanger did not have his gun on and went to get it. He soon came back, gun in hand, but McMackin was ready for him. Fred Dorrington came up just then and I told him he had better put a stop to that or he would have a killing. He got between them and told them to quit. The other boys hurried up, too, and they soon had the fighters separated. This showed that Sanger would fight, but he was no match for McMackin. That also seemed to tame Mr. Sanger for he remembered it later on.

One evening shortly after Dorrington said to me, "Don't you want to take a rest? We are to move camp. That is the flour and heavy stuff. I don't want you to go unless you volunteer as it is dangerous. I will want a couple of more volunteers, too. We can finish the work here with two crews and the others can go and make camp and wait for us to join them."

I agreed to go, but I knew the work was dangerous as we had seen bands of Indians going backwards and forwards all summer. There was hardly a day in the past month but what we saw parties consisting of twenty-five or thirty Indians going by. So two or three fellows alone would not stand much of a show if they wanted to kill us and get our stuff. I would chance it though and said I would go. He got two more men. One of them named John Poland, who was afraid of nothing. The other we called Flip, he was a great big fellow who could not be depended on for anything, but he had volunteered, so I was satisfied.

The next morning we loaded on the flour and a few chests of ammunition, in fact pretty much everything they did not actually need and started out in a southeasterly direction. We had a butte to go by, called Court House Rock. We reached our destination

along in the afternoon. There wasn't much running water, but there was a beaver dam and the water stood in holes along the creek bed, an ideal place to camp.

The fact of the matter was though, that we were right on the Indian trails, and we camped on their camp grounds. The squaws had gathered little piles of pitch knots here and there where they had camped. So along about three o'clock the teamster went back. We put up our tent, piling the flour around the edge, joking that we would have fine breast works if we were attacked. There was a ravine in sight about a mile or two off, where the jack-pines were thick. We thought that would be a good place to get a deer. This young Flip, he was a kind of laughing stock from the start said, "I will go and get a deer and we will have venison for supper."

We had a transit belonging to our party and I set it up. He had gone about a mile or so when I turned the glass on him and saw him walking along with his head down and gun crossways of his back, both hands over it. Right beyond him I saw an Indian coming along on a trot. I said to Poland, "Come and look here, we will lose that damn fool today, he ain't got sense enough to look where he is going." So he looked through the glass. I took it again and saw they were heading right for one another. Suddenly the Indian put his horse on his haunches and turned around. I could see him kicking the horse in the ribs trying to make him go as fast as he could in the opposite direction. My brave young Flip kept right on going, apparently not seeing him. From the way it looked through the transit it did not seem as if they were more than a rod apart. I did not like that very much, for we were right on the trail to the Pine Ridge country that had been used all summer by the Indians going south. I was thinking that Indian was the head of a party that intended making there that night and it might spell trouble for us.

In due course of time our man Flip came back with a fawn and I said to him, "Did you see that Indian? "What Indian?" he asked. I told him, "If that Indian wanted your scalp he could have had it for he was within a few feet of you." We both told him the same story and he seemed to get rattled but we soon forgot about that. We soon had the fawn prepared and had our supper. Afterwards we played cards for an hour by the light of the camp fire.

We had a little black dog with us. Everyone called him the fool dog as he did not seem to know anything. He was lying in the tent when all at once he jumped up and commenced to howl and bellow, running out past the fire and looking up the creek. We thought he smelled Indians so I jumped up and kicked out the fire. After about five minutes I said to Poland, "They are not very close to us right now as the dog has stopped barking and come back to the tent. Let's take an arm full of chips and some pitch across the creek about five hundred feet and start a fire." We told Flip to stay in the tent as he seemed pretty well scared. Poland and me knew the water holes so we could walk between them and place our wood where we wanted it. I was to touch it off and Poland said to me, "Give me your hand and we will make a run for it when you get it lit." I soon had it going and we ran back to camp. We got close to the tent, and I let go of his hand. He ducked in and just then Mr. Flip's gun went off. The bullet didn't miss my ear by more than an inch, as I felt it burn. When I went in Poland had him by the hair of the head and was saying, "I have a good notion to cut your throat." Flip said, "It went off accidentally, you startled me and I was expecting maybe the Indians might come in." I said, "You knew well enough we were out." But anyhow we knew he did not have much sense and we let it go at that.

CHAPTER IV.

ENGINEERING PARTY MAKE ACQUAINTENCE WITH
BAND OF INDIANS

By that time our fire was blazing in great style and we could see a long way around. In fact a little too much as it showed our tent. Just then we heard two shots up the creek. I said, "Well that is a friendly call, let's answer it." Poland said, "Let's wait till they give two more shots, if it is a friendly call they will shoot again." A couple of minutes afterwards there were two more shots so I said, "There is one sure thing they are not very close so let's give them an answer." We gave them two shots and they answered right away. We began to think they were white men. We concluded we had better build a fire in front of our tent, and as soon as we had it going they gave us two more shots, which we answered. It wasn't long before we heard the rattle of a wagon and then I heard the teamster yell, "Daisy." I heard that name before and knew it was the lead mule of the soldiers. They were on their way back to camp after being to Sidney for rations and saw our light.

One of the soldiers said he didn't know what kind of a trap he was getting into for the Indians were none too peaceable those days. There were three soldiers in the outfit and when they saw us they wanted to shake hands all around. We were just as glad to see them and may be more so. Next day they went on to the main camp and we had to wait about two weeks before the main party arrived. From that base we operated for a couple of weeks. We had noticed for three or four days that the Indians were commencing to come back in small parties, but they kept away from us.

This particular morning I started out on my line. I knew about what point I had to make and was the first

to leave camp. I went about a quarter mile and saw an Indian coming right towards me on a little jog trot. I stood still and let him come. He came within ten rods before he saw me. There was a little ridge between us so he did not see me sooner. I had my gun pointed at him and he threw up his hands and said, "How, how, how," and kept it up. I told him to come on and motioned with my gun. He was fully five minutes coming up to me, stopping every few feet and yelling "how, how." He was an old gray haired Indian and looked as if he was half starved. He wanted to shake hands with me when he was a rod off. Finally I went and shook hands and he said "Lakota" and pointed east, and as he pointed he said, "Wix Chiminie," opening and closing his hands. He made it appear as if there were thousands of Indians. I thought he was trying to throw a scare into me and wanted me to know there were lots of Indians in the country and that I had better lookout. He pulled out an old bone pipe and wanted some tobacco to smoke, putting his finger in the bowl as the sign. I concluded he wanted to smoke so gave him tobacco and lit a match for him. I lit my pipe, too, and we smoked together.

He kept saying "Lakota, wix chiminie" opening and closing his hands and pointed east down Pumpkinseed valley and also south. As I looked over west about a mile I saw a bunch of them going north. I gave him a few matches and a little tobacco and told him to go on and started back to camp myself.

When I got back I stopped at Dorrington's tent and said to him. "We are going to have our troubles today. I ran onto an Indian and he made me understand there were thousands of them coming right his way." Fred said he was expecting them and invited me in. He had a little cask that seemed to hold about two or three gallons of booze. He poured out a tin cup full and it

kind of reminded me of my experience at North Platte, but there was no gun play. I drank about half of it and handed it back, he said, "Go ahead and finish it." I said, "Great Scott, I will be drunk as a dog." "Might as well be that way as any other now," so I drank it all. He did the same. Then we went out to where the cook tent was, as that seemed to be the headquarters for our boys. The mules were unhitched and tied to the wagon wheels.

Then the Indians commenced to come in. They came pretty close to camp and some of them drove their horses right in. Never said, "how" or anything, only grunted. One of them kicked a pan of biscuits over but the cook never objected, of course. They were getting pretty thick among us.

One fellow who could talk a little bit of English said he wanted to see the chief. Dorrington went to him and the Indian said "You give us everything you got and we won't kill you." Two or three of them were talking and we thought we had better have a consultation too. Dorrington said, "Boys, this is pretty serious, if they take everything we have I can make the government replace it." There was a fellow named George Poysell in the outfit who had been an old freighter between Plattsmonth and Denver and who was a man of some nerve. He said, "The government will never give me back my mules and the Indians ain't going to get my animals." Shortly after one of the Indians started to untie Poysell's mules from the wagon. I took my gun and gave that Indian a punch in the ribs and said "Get away from there or I will blow the top of your head off." and pushed him back about ten feet. Fred said, "Don't do that Frank you may start something." I told him, "I heard you say that the Government would make this good with you. I don't think the government will ever make anything good with us. If we give up

everything we have we will be the easiest bunch killed that they ever killed, and I am not in favor of giving up anything."

"Nor I", said Poysell, "They don't get my mules."

Serg. Molloy was there and I said "Molloy, what do you think about this?" He answered, "The government never sent me out here to give up anything to the Indians and they will not get a thing that belongs to the government as long as I am alive."

That seemed to decide things for the Indians were waiting for their answer. They seemed to understand what we were talking about. They were having a consultation, too, and Fred was to tell them that they could not have anything. Someone said to McMackin, "You talk a lot of Indian lingo when there are no Indians around, now you tell them they can have nothing." McMackin seemed to have forgotten what he knew about their language.

I looked down Pumpkinseed Creek valley and it seemed to be just swarming with Indians. There must have been three or four hundred of them heading towards us on a dead run. I thought the jig was up for us. There were about two hundred and fifty Indians in camp and there were three or four hundred more coming in. I thought we would be wiped off the earth, and felt thankful to Dorrington for that medicine he gave me. I was kind of bewildered, but I can't say I was scared. We concluded to bunch up anyhow. Serg. Molloy said, "Get together, boys." We all had Needle guns and six-shooters, and forty men makes quite a formidable bunch.

When the Indians in camp saw the others making for us on a run some of them gave a whoop and went to their horses and rode out about twenty yards, formed a kind of half circle around us, turning their horses towards us and pointing their guns. Then the leader of

the other Indians circled our camp and got in between us and then seemed to be waiting for someone else. Sure enough along came Little Wound, their head chief, in full regalia and accompanied by a white man, a pretty hard looking customer, too.

Little Wound passed close to our tent driving his horse up close to the other Indian Chief, who I think was Crazy Horse. That band was what were known as "Dog Soldiers," renegade Indians following the others for what plunder they could get.

Three or four of the boys went over to interview the white man. He didn't know any more English than the Indians. I went up pretty close and he said to me, "Me no know." I thought I would try him out, he might be French. I said, "You talk better French than English." He threw out his arms and shook hands with me and said, "Oui oui." He got off his horse and sat down and said in French, "You fellows are in pretty serious trouble here. Crazy Horse Indians have been killing and looting everyone on the road. They have been robbing and plundering settlers every place they found them. They killed a section man yesterday on the U. P. Little Wound has instructions from the Government to protect the surveying parties in here, that's why he is guarding you right now." Some of the men came up to me and said, "Where did you learn to talk that lingo, Frank, what does he say?" I said, "Where did you learn the lingo you talk?" Then I interpreted for them and had a big bunch around.

The Frenchman told me that Little Wound had killed two of Crazy Horse's band that morning and he said, "He's liable to kill Crazy Horse right now the way he is facing him." I looked over and they reminded me of two dogs fighting, showing their teeth at one another. Little Wound had his gun pointed at Crazy Horse's breast. Pretty soon Crazy Horse turned his

horse to the west, let a whoop out of him and away he went with his band.

Little Wound came right into camp, got off his horse and shook hands with anyone that wanted to. He was a fine looking Indian and had a necklace made of porcupine quills and bear claws, with eagle feathers in his war bonnet. He looked pretty good. He was a Chief that was respected by all the Indians.

The Government recognized Spotted Tail as a Chief, because he was friendly to the whites. The logical Head Chief of the Sioux should have been Crow Dog, as he was old Iron Shell's son, the Head Chief of all the Sioux, but Crow Dog was more or less unruly, so they recognized Spotted Tail. The Indians called him a squaw. Red Cloud was Chief of a band of renegade Indians, but was recognized by the Government.

Little Wound said he would camp close by that night. By that time the Indians were coming up pretty close. They seemed to have some system about the way they were traveling, too. They went off about a hundred yards up the creek and started their camp. Pretty much all the Indians I saw had fresh scalps attached to their belts.

We did no work that day, but visited with these Indians. They had thirteen Pawnee squaws with them that they captured down on the Republican River. We went and saw them, but they did not seem to be worrying much. They had picked the best looking ones and they said they had killed the balance of them. They had virtually annihilated the biggest part of the Pawnee tribe that summer.

The Frenchman told me they went down there in small parties pretty close to the Pawnee camp and got their horses together one night and staked out six or eight of them on a ridge about two miles from the Pawnee camp. The Pawnee was a considerable horse thief and as soon as daylight came they spied these horses

The Sioux were all prepared for them and the youngest and best of the Pawnee men came to look up these horses. They weren't even armed. They undertook to drive the horses to their camp, but soon found they were staked. Just then the Sioux charged them, killing all that were in sight and then went and plundered their camp. He said he had not been in the fight but when the Sioux rounded up all the Pawnee horses they drove them over to where he was camped. They brought all the squaws along, too.

Crazy Horse's band did not have a hand in this, but they were a source of great trouble to Little Wound, as they put him in bad with the Government, for they committed considerable depredations among the settlers when they traveled and along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad.

That night Little Wound's band had a war dance and we were invited over to it. It was some dance. I saw some of the Indians fall down exhausted and then some of the others would drag them out of the way.

An Indian came over to me and offered me a scalp and a plug of tobacco for a six shooter I had. My six shooter had a brass handle and I kept it polished up and it shined very nice. It just took his fancy but I had no use for the scalp so I did not trade.

The next day they came over to visit us, but their purpose was to buy ammunition. It was against the law to sell an Indian any cartridges but McMackin had some ammunition for a Spencer gun he had and showed an Indian the box. The Indian reached dwon in his shirt and pulled out a roll of bills tied up with a piece of rag. He slipped the band off and there was a five dollar bill in sight. He took that out and offered it to McMackin. McMackin shook his head no, as he caught sight of a twenty under it. The Indian took back the five and handed him two twenties. It was all the same



HORATIO N. ROSS

First Discoverer of Gold in the Black Hills, at Custer
July 27, 1875

to him. McMackin took that and gave him the shells. I walked away as I did not want to be a witness to that kind of business. I don't know whether the Indian had a Spencer gun or not, but they tried to get all the ammunition they could, and having plenty of money I think they got some. We had three thousand rounds, but it did not fit their guns, as ours were Needle, fifty caliber.

Dorrington thought it best to stay around camp for two or three days. Crazy Horse's band were not all gone yet, some of them having been seen sneaking around.

Sanger seemed to think this was a good time to finish his book, so he spent lots of time on it. One day while he was away someone broke into his box and got out the manuscript—there was lots of it, too. Four or five of the boys took it out of camp so as to read it. Of all the roastings a man could get us fellows got it from him. He might have gotten away with it if he had not called us by name personally. It called us the scum of creation, rowdies and thugs, in fact everything he could think of. However, the boys said he had not mentioned my name. The fact is I was supposed to be neutral, as I had never sassied him and he really became friendly enough to come and talk with me.

The men brought it back and showed it to Dorrington. He asked them what they were going to do with it and one said "burn it up," which they did.

When Sanger showed up he noticed his box broken into and he missed the manuscript. He immediately went and reported it to Dorrington. Fred said "I can't do anything, I suppose they read it, and found something they did not like and they burned it. You ask Poland.

CHAPTER V.

EDUCATION OF EASTENER CONTINUED WITH ZEAL

So that evening Sanger said to Poland, "What right had you to break into my box and get my manuscript?" Poland said "I wanted to see what you were writing about, and I found you were calling me all kinds of names, that we seemed to be a kind of a bunch of prize fighters and rowdies. May be you are right about it, but if you open your mouth again about that book I will put a head on you and show you if you can write such rot about me." Sanger said, "I should have some protection in this camp." Poland said, "You will get some right now," and with that he hauls off and punches him in the jaw. Sanger did his best. They clinched and rolled around quite a while. But he was no match for Poland and we finally had to separate them or Poland would have killed him. As it was we had to help him to his tent and it took him a couple of days to recuperate.

The Frenchman, or squaw man, came to bid me good bye, and said "How much do they owe you on this job? I will make it good with you and will give you six horses to start on if you will come with me. I would like to have you in my camp. I will teach you in a short time to talk the Indian language. I have two daughters and would like to have you around." "Oh, yes," I said, "I would make a fine target for some of the young bucks to take a shot at." "I will guarantee you they won't," he said, "and that you would soon get in with the Indian Agent at Pine Ridge and make lots of money. "I told him I had other prospects in sight and would not go. What a great chance I had to become a squaw man, but my stomach was not strong enough. He seemed to be very much disappointed over losing such a prospective son-in-law anyhow.

Finally the Indians bid us good bye and away they went and we finished our work.

Sanger was very mild now. No more kinks in him. Our language was now all right and he never criticized or complained.

Along about the first of October we were pretty well done. The soldiers bid us goodbye and told us there would be no more trouble as Crazy Horse's band was out of the district and a few days afterwards we followed them. We were through.

Nothing much happened afterwards so I will take this bunch home as soon as I can. We struck out for the Sidney road and when we reached it some of the boys danced with glee. They were tickled to see some signs of civilization again. We were walking along in a group, Sanger and I being close together, when a fellow came along and gave him a slap on the back as hard as he could and said, "Sanger, you old son of a gun, how do you like this crowd?" He said, "They are not so bad, some pretty good boys in the lot." My what a difference in that man in six months. He had learned more in those six months than he did in all the time at Harvard about the ways of the world, and the book, which he undoubtedly wrote afterwards, might have been pretty good. The last I heard of him he was principal of a high school in a town in southern Nebraska.

We arrived at Sidney about three o'clock in the afternoon and Dorrington made arrangements for two cars to take our stuff down to Omaha. We were to dismantle the wagons and leave that night. He called me to one side and gave me two ten dollar bills and said, "I will loan you this you might need it before you get through." I took it. McMackin was supposed to be in charge of the party as Billy Wells, George Fairfield, Sanger and Dorrington took the first passenger train east and left us at Sidney. There was hardly any money

among the boys. We camped close to the railroad and the bunch went off down town. They would all go in a place and order drinks, but never pay for them. The bartenders would size them up, fourteen of them and each carrying a six-shooter, hard looking customers at that, and of course would not force them to make payment.

We met Serg. Molloy there and he told us we were a fine lot of boys. McMackin did not drink anything and with what help he could get started to take down the wagons and load them on the cars. We were to leave about ten o'clock that night on a freight train. We got our supper for those that were eating (some were only drinking). The ones around the depot were George Poysell, McMackin and myself. When it got close to starting time McMackin commenced to round up the boys.

He would bring in two and go back for more. When he came back with two more the first two would be gone. He was getting pretty well worried about them and so asked Poysell and me to help. Poysell was a fighter and between us we managed to induce most of them to come down to the cars. Fifteen or twenty minutes before train time we had them all except Poland. He was over by a wood pile along the side track and would not move for any of us. He wanted to fight everyone that came along. McMackin said to me, "Can't you do anything with him?" Told him I would try. I had a pint bottle and went over to keep an eye on him. He was fighting drunk. I said, "Come on, John, let's get ready." "Who are you?" he said and with that hauled off as if he was going to kill me, but I ducked to one side and he fell down. He said, "That will do." I said, "Come on, sit up and take a drink.." I held the bottle for him and he took three good drinks. He then tried to get up but couldn't make it and I let him lie there. I

knew the drinks would work on him soon and he would fall asleep. I went and told McMackin to get a couple of boys and we would carry him in.

They were all lined up then and I just happened to think I did not bid Serg. Molloy goodbye. As I knew he was down in a saloon I went to do it. We shook hands and he said, "You had better stay with us and have a goot time", but I declined. All the soldiers were feeling pretty good and when the train pulled out there was so much noise in the room that I didn't hear it. It left with ten or twelve of the boys in the caboose and the rest of them in a hog car. A soldier came to me and asked if I wasn't going on the train and told me it had gone. Molloy and I went out and he said, "Why, the train is coming back." So we walked down to the depot and sure enough the freight was backing up. I heard some one calling my name when the caboose got to the platform. I boarded it and motioned them to go ahead. The boys told me that after leaving they counted noses and missed me.

We traveled all night and the next morning the train pulled into Fremont. It was going to be there quite a while and the train crew told us it would be a good place to get breakfast. I guess the boys had the train crew pretty well terrorized for they seemed glad that we got off there for a short time, anyhow.

McMackin went into a restaurant and asked the proprieter how much he wanted to feed us—forty cents a man. That seemed reasonable so we went in and took seats. As fast as the waitress could bring on the food it was devoured. I saw these people would never be able to feed the outfit so I went across the street to another place and asked him if he could feed fourteen hungry men and do it quick. He said he could and started in. I let him get a little start and then went back for the gang. When I brought them in the tables

were piled high with food and the boys sure did go into it. It cost me seven dollars. The boys wanted to know where I got the money and I told them that Dorrington had furnished it.

We pulled out of Fremont before they got drunk and reached Omaha that night, unloaded our mules and stuff and camped across from the depot. That night the boys scattered around and by good luck they kept out of jail. They all showed up in the morning, though, ready to start. We crossed the river to Council Bluffs and went down to East Plattsburgh, where we ferried across on a boat called the President and landed at the foot of Main Street. We all got in the wagons and pulled off the boat. The mules seemed to know they were home for of all the hee-hawing I ever heard they did the best.

CHAPTER VI.

YOUNG SEEKER AFTER FORTUNE MAKES START FOR NEW
ELDORADO—ARRIVES IN BLACK HILLS

During the summer Serg. Molloy seemed to be well posted about army maneuvers and told me that General Custer was at Cheyenne and that it was his intention to explore the Black Hills country to the north, as it was reported that there was any amount of gold there. It was his, Molloy's, intention to go with Custer.

So along in the spring of '77 when the treaty was signed with the Indians at Rine Ridge throwing open the Black Hills for settlement I decided to go in as soon as I could. A friend of mine, a cigar maker named Fred Kohler, had accumulated about a wagon load of cigars and thought the Hills would be a good place to dispose of them. As the load was light I made arrangements to go with him.

We started out from Plattsmouth and got as far as Fort Kearney where we came up with a party from western Missouri. They were waiting to get as large a party as possible together before they started. We organized a company of about eighty men, elected officers and struck out for Sidney. From there we struck out north to Fort Robinson at Pine Ridge. From that point we had to watch our mules pretty close to keep the Indians from stealing them. The Cheyenne River was low at the time and we had no trouble in crossing and soon pulled into Rapid City.

Rapid City was not much of a place at the time. William Gramberg had a grocery store. Micky McGuire was running the International Hotel. The American House was headquarters for the stage with John Brennan in charge. There were Allen's and Pat Mur-

phy's saloon, and a few other places that I can't remember.

We pulled on towards Crook City in the vicinity of where Whitewood now is. About ten miles before we reached Crook we saw a wagon near the road and after we arrived we found that there had been a party out to that wagon and just brought in the bodies of a man and woman. The Indians had killed them the night before and ran off with their stock.

After that we camped at Centennial Prairie a few miles north of Deadwood for a couple of weeks. We would walk into Deadwood and see how things were going on. There were about six thousand people there at the time and about five thousand coming in and going out each day. Placer mining was in full swing on Deadwood Creek, between there and Central.

Soon afterwards we found a place on Sherman Street, in the neighborhood of where the Hospital is now. The gulch was covered with spruce where we made our camp. The place was full of campers. Some of them built their little tepees out of spruce bows. So we had things much handier there than at Centennial Prairie.

I forget just how long it was before that Wild Bill was killed in the Melodian saloon, or just when it was that a Mexican brought in an Indian's head and offered it for sale. Anyhow this had occurred before I arrived. There was a preacher named Smith who used to walk down from Deadwood to Crook on Sundays to hold services. The Indians killed him one day. Anyhow a big crowd went out to the scene of the murder and came back with the Indian's head.

I became acquainted with a man from Missouri who had driven bull teams from Leavenworth to Denver and he told me he was well acquainted with Wild Bill and how he got his name.

He said Wild Bill was a big overgrown boy when he hired out to drive bull teams between Leavenworth and Denver. The Indians were pretty troublesome at the time. They were along the Platte River about a hundred and fifty miles from Denver when they came to a stage station and saw a wagon there with a man, woman and two children in it. They seemed to be in distress, as the Indians had driven away their cattle and left them stranded. Wild Bill's outfit had cattle enough to yoke up their train, but would not take this party along. Well, anyhow, the big outfit camped close that night and their emigrants tried to make arrangements with the boss to train their wagon in to Denver, but he refused to do it.

The next morning the boss bullwhacker gave orders to yoke up and pull out. Wild Bull kind of hung back near the emigrant's wagon and the boss went over and told him to get a move on. Bill said, "Do you intend to leave these people here, when you can just as well take them as not?" The boss said, "I am pulling freight, not emigrants, and you get a move on yourself and start your cattle." Some of the other bullwhackers came up and Bill said, "You say these people will stay here till they get some one else to move them, and you, you big overgrown bully, it is you that will stay," and out came his six-shooter and he put three shots in him. So the others got together and placed Bill in charge of the train and he gave orders to bury the ex-boss and told the emigrants to get ready as he would take them along.

They drove into Denver and unloaded their goods and Bill took the train back to Leavenworth. The parties that owned the outfit hired him to make another trip, which he did. That kind of life was too slow for Bill after that. He came to the Black Hills during the

gold excitement and was quite popular. He was playing cards in the Melodian saloon one day, his back turned towards the door, when McCall stepped in and shot him.

McCall was arrested and some of the men wanted to hang him right off, but they finally decided to have a meeting the next day to hear what he had to say. McCall said that was the way Wild Bill had killed his brother, that he never gave him a chance to defend himself, and that he had made up his mind to kill Wild Bill the same way. He put up quite a talk so they concluded to let him go, but told him to get out of town. He went to Laramie and Cheyenne and boasted of what he had done. Mrs. Lake, the show woman who married Wild Bill, offered a large reward for him. He was arrested and taken to Yankton, then the capitol of Dakota Territory where he was tried and in due season hung.

At that time it took a person quite a while to get his mail in Deadwood. There was one time I was in line several hours before I could get up to the window. Another time while in line I stood behind a young fellow who I thought I knew, but could not place him. After studying him for about an hour I asked if his name was not Allen. He said it was and that he was from Joliet, Ill. I told him my name and then he remembered me. We used to go to school together. His sister was my teacher. His coat was all mud where he had fallen down and he was not any too sober either. I never had much to do with him when I was a boy, as I did not like him. He used to have his hair done up in cork screw curls like a girl and we called him a "sissy". Now the boy had undoubtedly been well raised and here he was in Deadwood looking pretty tough. He was expecting money to go home with but he got no letter.

He had been prospecting on Box Elder Creek and borrowed a horse from one of his friends, and that day

sold the horse to get money to go home. That night I went into John Manning's saloon, a big long building lined with faro tables on each side. The first thing I heard on going in was "weigh in six hundred dollars, weigh out four." I never was in a place where people seemed so anxious to get rid of their money. I saw miners in overalls after they got pretty full take out sacks of gold dust containing five or six ounces and give it to the bartender to set up drinks for the house. Anyhow I found my friend Allen in there staggering around against people, so I took him by the arm and led him to a corner in the back part of the place. I set him down on a box and left him. As I looked back I wondered what his sister would say if she could see him looking like that.

In those days Central City was the main camp in the Hills. They had put up a ten stamp quartz mill on the cement beds in the vicinity. It was free milling and I understood it went about forty dollars to the ton. I think it was the Pinney Mill. Between cement beds and placer mining things were pretty lively there. I worked a few days in the Hidden Treasure mine and about a week in the DeSmet, as I wanted to post myself about gold mining. I did not learn much, but it started me on enough to spoil me.

From their camps in Deadwood the prospectors would go out in every direction and come back and pound rock till midnight. The country seemed to be pretty well staked around Central and Lead, so I went out towards Bald mountain considerable. I prospected with A. D. Clark (he had the Steward mine at the time) but I could not get any free gold. All the ores around there seemed to be refractory so I let all the claims I had go. Finally I went into a cabin with a friend, which was quite an improvement over Spruce Avenue, as we had a fire place, and a fireplace to me makes things more cheerful and homelike.

About that time provisions became very scarce in Deadwood. The Cheyenne River was too high for the freighters to cross and everyone seemed to be afraid of a famine. Flour went up to forty dollars a hundred and we could get only a little in a paper sack at a time I got a chance to buy five pounds of corn meal at thirty-five cents a pound and took it, but I was not out of flour.

One Sunday I invited three or four of my neighbors to come and have dinner. I was just learning to cook then, as you will see. I intended to make a corn cake. I had baking powder and soda and put a whole lot of each in it, then a little bacon grease and stirred the mess up and put it into a dutch oven. As it turned out it looked nice, but smelled pretty strong. I called the boys for dinner and they started in. They broke off a piece of the cake as I was getting the coffee ready. They took a bite and spit it out. "Great Scott," one fellow said "What have you got in this?" After they moved around a while I concluded to bake a batch of hot cakes and have dinner anyway. I threw the corn cake out doors and we had our dinner. The next morning the ground was stewed with dead chipmunks around that cake. They tried it to their grief.

One of the boys had been to Galena on a prospecting trip and said there was a place called Strawberry Gulch that was rich, and wanted me to go back with him and try it. We made a rocker, put all our stuff in it and started out on a nine mile tramp on the trail leading to Galena, carrying the rocker. On that trip where we stopped for dinner I know I stuck my knife that I had inherited from the survey trip in the ground and went off and left it. I guess it is still there as I never could find it.

We made camp and started to rock, but all we could get was about a dollar and a half a day. We

finally made arrangements to get some boards and built a sluice box. This would go about a dollar and a half a day, too, and that seemed to be the best we could do. Now I know why we did not do better, our riffles were not right, and we did not clean up often enough. The riffles would fill up with heavy sand and rubies and as the gold was pretty flat it would flow right off on us. So that would not do and we went back to Deadwood.

There were more people in Deadwood then than at any other time I know of. I got pretty well acquainted with a man on the trip coming into the country and he seemed to be a pretty hard character. He had kept a saloon in Springfield, Mo., and seemed to be like one of those fellows who always had things their own way. I met him one day just as he came back from Sand Creek, where there had been quite a bit of excitement. He had been drinking some and said, "Come on over and take something with me." I forgot the name of the place, but it was right across the street from the Belle Union Theater. We made our way to the bar, the place was full of people. He let a howl out of him like an Indian and said, "I am a wolf, and its my turn to howl. give us something to drink," and he got that yell off a couple of times more. There was a small sized man sitting down at the end of the bar close to the side walk. I saw him get up and pick up something and start around towards us. He came right up to the big Missourian and put his six-shooter up to his face and said. "You howl once more and it will be your last howl, and put up that gun right away." That seemed to sober the big man and he put up his gun. It seemed to tame him for he walked out more like a sheep than a wolf. He saw then he wasn't in Springfield, Mo.

CHAPTER VII.

BECOMES PROSPECTOR—VISITS RAPID CITY AT TIME OF
HANGING THREE HORSE THIEVES

I got sick soon after that and figured the water did not agree with me. My friend McMackin was freighting in those days from Sidney to Deadwood and I thought I would go down to Rapid with him, thinking the change would benefit me.

I got there a few days before a hanging took place, where three horse thieves were hung. The next day after my arrival there was a party seen out north, about in the neighborhood of where North Rapid now is. A posse was organized, headed by John Brennan and Bill Steele, who rounded them up and brought them in. There were three men, one no more than a boy, and they were found with horses belonging to the stage company. Some said the boy was innocent, that he had gotten in with them at Sturgis and was trying to get back home. However, he got his by being in bad company. They were put in a log cabin, and that night a gang broke in, took them out and hung them.

I slept in Gramberg's store, as he was a friend I had known, at Plattsmouth. I did not know there was to be a hanging till I was invited to go over to what was afterwards known as Hangsman Hill, but I declined the invitation with thanks.

The water from Cleghorn Springs seemed to do me good and so I stayed there a while.

I witnessed the greatest fist fight I ever saw between two big men during my stay in Rapid. A man had put up a tent close by and intended to stay in Rapid for a while. He said he was from Chicago. One morning I saw him, and he asked, "Do you own any hogs?" I told him no. He said "I am going to find the man

that owns hogs in this town," and then came into my tent, tore open a sack of flour and in fact just about destroyed all my grub. "I am going to make the man that owns hogs pay for that," he said. He went into McGuire's place and took a drink and went on down the street. Everyone he met he asked about the hogs. He had been going around for about an hour when I saw him again and asked, "Have you found him yet?" "No," but I am on his tracks," he said.

We went in and got another drink, and as we came out saw a man crossing the street. My Chicago man went out to him and asked, "Do you own any hogs?" He said, "No, but what's that to you if I do?" He said, "I am going to lick the first man I find in this town that ever owned a hog." Then the other man said, "I owned lots of them, start in on me." Walking over to where I stood the Chicago man handed me his coat and hat and they went at it. Biff-bang, give and take, two men that weighed over two hundred each, hitting one another in the face with their big fists. They fought for what seemed to me like fifteen minutes when finally my man stepped off the sidewalk backwards and fell flat on his back with the other man on top of him. He did not hit him but said, "Get up and fight." The Chicago man got up and said "You are a fair fighter, anyhow," and they went at it again and of all the slugging I ever saw they did it. Again the same thing occurred, he stepped off the sidewalk and fell down, with the other fellow on top. He said, "Have you got enough?" "Well, it seems I ain't making much headway so I will call it enough." He got up and the other man walked away yelling like an Indian as he rounded the corner. The Chicago man said "I think I found the man that owned the hogs." He went in the saloon and washed the blood from himself and in course of fifteen or twenty minutes he got cleaned up and took another drink. He seemed

to be pretty sober, too. I think he left next morning for Deadwood.

There was considerable mining going on around Rockerville and up on Rapid and Spring Creeks. I soon got in with a party that had intentions of sinking a shaft on bed rock a couple of miles north of Rockerville on Spring Creek. I went with them and we established a camp and started in.

About seven or eight feet down we struck nice looking gravel which went about five or ten cents to the pan, and thought it would get better as we reached bed rock. The water started coming in then and it made it very difficult sinking. The gravel was not getting any better as we went down. I did the panning as the gravel came out and when we struck bed rock I could not raise a color. So I said, "You fellows can have my interest if you want it, I am through." I saw that the bed rock was smooth and that the wash had been too great and scooped everything out. On the high bars there were some pretty good spots, but not enough to justify much work. So I pulled out and went to Rockerville to try the dry diggings.

Rockerville was a lively little camp of about four or five hundred men, all taking out a little dust, but nothing very big anywhere. I have known the McGuire boys, though, to take out ninety seven dollars to the wagon load. A man by the name of Coulson had the best I knew of, but I don't think he took out over six or seven thousand dollars worth.

There was considerable prospecting done on the cement beds that laid under the limestone, similar to the ores at Central. At one place there was about four inches of the bed rock that seemed to be pretty good, but the balance of it was not of much account. But at the time it was supposed that Rockerville was going to be a great mining camp and so I located some cement





SILVER TIP FALLS

claims, but never did much work on them as I did not think it was hardly rich enough to pay.

In the meantime my friend McMackin bought the ranch where the stage station was located on Spring Creek, twelve miles south of Rapid. He would very often come up to see how I was getting along and I would go down to his ranch quite frequently. I was pretty young at the time and enjoyed visiting with my old friends.

I got pretty well posted on the different ores around that camp and it was the reason of my saving McMackin fifteen hundred dollars and one of his mule teams.

A party had some cement claims further north of Rockerville and as McMackin was very enthusiastic about mining, this party tried to sell him an interest in the mine. He showed McMackin some cement with free gold in it and got him excited, but he thought he would come and see me before he closed the deal. He brought over some of the rock and I recognized it right off as coming from a mine known as the Mineral Hill. They had him pretty well salted and he did not want to believe me. I said, "You come with me and I will show you where that rock came from," and he did. "Now," I said, "you can go over to that property and take samples for yourself and you will have your troubles finding a color." That put him to studying so he went over and the party that wanted to sell gave him more rock but when he saw his chance he took some ore that they did not see and came back to my camp.

Next morning we pounded up some of that rock and never got a color, but the ore they handed him was good. It seems they had taken a wagon load of rock a while before from the Mineral Hill, so they had him pretty well salted. He said to me, "You saved me fifteen hundred dollars, four mules and a wagon." That did not hurt my friendship with McMackin any.

I did considerable prospecting around Rockerville, but could find nothing that I could make better wages at, and that did not satisfy me. They were going to put up a mill on the Mineral Hill, some men, named Doc. Lapham, Judge Brown and others. Captain Jack was supposed to own the spring around which there was so much work going on. Lapham thought he would put his mill there. Captain Jack was the discoverer of gold in Rockerville and everyone conceded him the right to that little gulch and spring.

Doc. Lapham seemed to be a kind of overbearing sort of a man and thought he could run things to suit himself. When he started work on the foundation for the mill Captain Jack told him that was his ground. Lapham told him he owned the ground as much as Captain Jack, and said, "You have no title and you have not even recorded it. I will build my mill there whether you like it or not."

There was considerable agitation going on for a couple of days and the miners concluded to have a meeting and settle the question. Finally about three hundred men got around a box one night and the meeting started by Doc. Lapham making a speech. He quoted some of the mining laws and said he had a perfect right to build the mill there and was going to build it whether the miners liked it or not.

Captain Jack did not have any one to take his part, but finally Bill Roy got up on the box and said to Doc. Lapham. "You talk about titles, who has a better title than old Captain Jack, over eighty years old, the man that discovered gold at Rockerville, and who washed out the first gold at this spring? Everyone in camp apparently but you recognizes his rights and I see you are anxious to handle your six-shooter, and it seems as if it is your intention to bulldoze the old man, and I am right here to take his part. I will tell you that if you build

a mill where you are planning you will have to settle with Captain Jack and at any time you want to make any six-shooter play you can make it with me.' All the miners cheered and there was considerable talk going on among them. I saw Pat McCarthy having a kind of little side meeting of his own close by, but they all seemed to back up Bill Roy. Lapham saw that if he was to build a mill he would have to settle with Captain Jack, and eventually did settle with him and built the mill.

There had been one term of court at Sheridan and the next was to be at Rapid City with Judge Moody on the bench and Edwin Van Cise as state's attorney. I was subpoenaed on the grand jury, but did not want to go down as I was sinking a hole for a placer about a mile south of Rockerville. I did not think Bill Steele the deputy sheriff, would find me and would get some one else. Apparently that did not work, for he came over where I was and told me I had better go, that the court had already waited a day for me and I had better get a hustle on or I would get into trouble. I got a ride to Rapid with Steele and went right up to the court room over the saloon in McGuire's building.

Judge Moody was pretty mad and asked me if I considered myself an honorable citizen of Pennington county. Told him I thought I was as good as any one else, and then he said, "Then why do you refuse to serve as a juror?" I told him, "Your warrants are only worth two or three cents on the dollar and I understand you are going to do business for Custer county and they are bankrupt and I don't think I can afford the time." He called Attorney Van Cise and asked if that was so. Van Cise said it was. That seemed to cool the judge off and he let me down.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROAD AGENTS ENTER INTO PROSPECTOR'S STORY

The road agents held up a stage on the Cheyenne road at Cold Springs in which, if I remember right, a couple of men were killed. The Judge instructed us to put a stop to that. I know I thought at the time he had better go and catch them himself. These road agents had passed within five miles of Rapid City a night or two before and a posse from Deadwood and Rapid caught up with them a few miles east of Rapid and thought they had them surrounded, but next morning the robbers were gone. I understood that Doe Whitfeld found a can full of gold dust which contained about twelve thousand dollars worth that they had thrown in the brush before they left camp. It was supposed that some of them were wounded, but they got away all right. I heard that Whitfield got twelve hundred dollars from the stage company for finding the gold.

The Custer county seat trouble came up before the grand jury. The case was about moving the county seat away from Custer to Hayward, which was afterwards found to be not in Custer county at all. The records were put in the postoffice. It was supposed that no one would dare take them out of there, but Doe Flick and others came and took them back to Custer. The intentions were to have Flick indicted. Ely, the sheriff of Custer county, did not seem to have the nerve to go and arrest him in Custer. There were underground wires in those days and Flick knew he was coming. So when the bad looking man stepped to Flick's house and opened the door he ran up against a gun. Flick said, "Put your gun on the floor, what do you want?" "I came to put you under arrest." "Well you don't ar-

rest me. You go back to Hayward and tell Ely to come and arrest me himself, and if I see you around and your hair is not cut I will cut it for you with a knife." He shoved him to the door and told him to go. We found no bill against Flick, but the bad man was there as a witness. He had his hair cut, though. I made him tell what Flick told him about his hair, for I heard what happened before. Doc. Peirce, the Black Hills humorist, was on the jury and he and I took quite a bit of fun out of the case. According to my motion a man who can't laugh don't amount to much.

Doc. Flick was quite a politician and took a hand in most everything going on. I believe he was the first representative from the southern hills to the legislature. He was known to be quite a poker player and I think he was a pretty hard man to bluff.

I did quite a bit of prospecting that fall around Rockerville and used to haul dirt with a yoke of cattle that belonged to McMackin. A good many people would get off the stage at McMackin's to go to Rockerville and Hayward as it was closer than Rapid. I remember taking over two women at different times, a Mrs. Bordman and a Mrs. Engle. They were told I might take them over as there was no stage or any other way to get there.

One morning I yoked up the cattle and drove over to the house to get one of them. "My goodness," she said, "do I have to ride in that rig?" I said, "No, you can stay here as long as you please, but this rig is going to Rockerville and to accommodate you I might take you to Hayward where your husband is, but I am not carrying passengers as a rule." She said she would go. I had the steers well broke so we started out on a fourteen mile drive. It was about ten o'clock then and I had to hustle to get to Rockerville that night, so I made the cattle trot. "Oh, my," she said, "they will

run away." I said, "I hope they do, we will get there so much quicker." She kicked all the way and I saw something had to be done with her, so when I came to a hill where I knew I would have to walk I told her she had better get out and walk for a while, too. She said "I don't think I can walk in that rough road." I said, "I think it advisable for you to get out as the wagon is liable to tip over making the turns." She got scared and decided to get out. She must have walked a couple of miles and the roads were in a pretty bumpy condition, too.

"I wouldn't live in this country," she said, "if you gave me all the gold in it." I said, "You will get there after a while. You are too high toned. You are ashamed to ride in this rig that is all. When we get close to town I will fix it all right." "What will you do?" "Why, I will get on one of the steers and ride, they will think you are a great lady coming to town." When we got close to town I got out on the tongue and mounted one of the animals. Of all the begging I ever heard she did it for me to get off, which I did when we came to town. She was sitting in the wagon box and it was about dusk when I drove up. I stopped and inquired for her husband. Apparently he had been watching for her for he went up to the woman, recognized her, lifted her out and commenced to kiss her. I walked up to him with my whip and said, "Hold on, what are you doing?" He said, "It's all right, this is my wife."

The other woman made about the same kind of a fuss. So I had a night drive of about eight miles to Rockerville. McMackin spent part of the time with his freighting and part of the time on the ranch. He had the mining fever pretty bad so I told him if he would come over we would go and try a new place. He came with his nephew, Joe Fairfield, (the same boy who was on the survey) and a couple of other boys. We went

out a few miles west of Rockerville and started a hole. We got down to where the water commenced to bother us that night. I did not think we would be able to finish it on account of the water.

I told Joe Fairfield that night that I did not think much of it. He said, "Let's salt Mac and have some fun." I told him I could do that easy.

We started to work next morning and got down to where the water came in too fast. I had some gold dust left that I got at Deadwood. It was retort gold. They would smash up the retort into fine gold and pass it for money. I put a small piece in my mouth, about a dollar's worth and as I was panning I spit it into the gravel I was washing. McMackin got a sight of it while I was panning and said, "Why, there is lots of gold in there." I said, "I guess not," but he said he saw it and I had to hurry and pan it down. Sure thing, there it was. The other boys all knew about it. He was surely excited and I felt sorry for him, but I could not very well say anything as I promised Joe that we would have some fun wtih him.

They went on home that night and next morning McMackin was back bright and early and said, "Did you salt me?" I said, "Any man that will be salted with retort gold in working a placer deserves to be salted and the sooner it happens the better, while it is cheap. You know the other dose you came near getting. You don't know enough to invest in mines." "But," he said. "it cost me twenty dollars. I bet Joe that much that you would not salt me." I told him that was cheap for the experience.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTAIN JACK AND THE SAGE HEN ENTER THE SCENE
WITH GUN PLAY

There was a new strike made a few miles north of Rockerville, which was known as the McIntyre diggings on Deadman's Gulch. I thought I would go over and see how things looked. There were eight or ten parties digging in the dry gulch. I know there was a woman who had a little child about three years old. She was taking out dirt and rocking it. Her husband had a yoke of cattle and he would haul dirt for the other people.

One day a man showed up in camp with his red hair braided down his back. He said his name was Captain Jack from California. He started in to tell some wonderful stories about being a great shot. While he was eating his lunch near the camp fire I saw a hawk light on a dead limb about a hundred and fifty yards off and I said to him, "If you are such a crack shot let's see you kill that hawk." He took his gun, swung around a little and shot, paying no attention whether he killed it or not (but he knocked it dead), and went right on with his story and seemed to ignore me entirely.

He told us there were lots of bear around and that he was going to get one that afternoon and said I could go along if I cared to. I had no gun but an army Colt six-shooter, but he said he would kill it. We went off about a half mile and sure enough we saw a big bear coming down the side hill right towards us. There was a big dead snag close by, pretty rotten at the butt, so we couldn't get behind that. Finally he shot and the bear stood up on his hind legs and commenced to go around in a circle. He shot again and glazed the bear

in the head and apparently he saw where we were and started for us. He would fall down, turn a somersault and keep coming. Meantime Captain Jack gave him another shot and the bear got as far as the snag and knocked it over and the way he made the splinters fly was a caution. He died clawing the snag.

We went back to camp and got a yoke of cattle and brought him in. All the Captain wanted was the hide. I was to get a quarter and the balance was to be divided up among the others. Captain Jack was a great blow-heart, but made good just the same.

I did not find anything good at McIntyre's and so went back to Rockerville.

One time I went down the gulch that led through Rockerville and sunk a hole. When about six feet down I thought I had bed rock and all I could get was about ten or fifteen cents to the pan.. That would not do. I thought it was strange anyhow that it was so shallow. I was right on a big slab of limestone laying flat, so I thought I must be on bed rock and quit it.

Later on an old man named Counts showed up at Rockerville looking for a place to prospect and told me that H. B. Leonard and some one else had outfitted him to prospect around there. He said he was an old California miner, but I could see that he did not know anything at all about mining. He could not handle a pan of dirt. I made him tell that he was raising potatoes in California.

Anyhow he went down and got into that hole I sunk and drifted off towards the channel and sank it down further, and it was rich. He took a pan of dirt and in shaking it around he got the gold on top and picked it off, but he got excited and told all about it at Rockerville that night. I heard about it, but would not believe it.

Next day some of the other boys went down and

saw that it was so. One fellow said to me, "Come on down and get a claim, it sure is good, I saw it." So the next day I went down. Counts was there beside his hole and I asked him if I could have a pan of dirt. He said, "Certainly." There was some water close by and I went and panned it down. It went about a dollar and a half and looked as if it might be rich in the gulch. I thought I had better go down and take a claim.

I started on down thinking as I went it did not pay to be too smart, for I could have had a claim right below him if I went down right away. I went along about a half mile and staked off a claim. I met dozens of men going down to stake claims below on my way back. Next day I went down to sink a hole, but felt pretty cheap. I started in and went down about two feet. An old man came along just then and said, "It is too bad I have got to go a mile below here before I can get a claim." I said, "No, you don't, you have a claim right here," and I threw out my pick and shovel, rubbed my name off the notice and put his on and said, "This is your ground. A few weeks after that he sold it for two hundred dollars. That is what I got for being too smart.

I had another claim south of town close to the wagon road between Rockerville and Hayward and I started in to take out a few loads of dirt.

One day while working a peddler was going by selling butter and eggs and was on his way back to Nebraska. He did not finish selling all his stuff, so I got out of the hole and asked what he had. Said he wanted a dollar a dozen for eggs and a dollar a pound for butter. I told him I had nothing but gold dust to pay him and that I could guess it out if he was satisfied. He said, "All right, I will take it as I want to take some gold back home." I tore a leaf out of a book I had and put in about a dollar and a half worth of dust and said

I would take two pounds of butter and two dozen eggs. He asked how much I thought I had there and I told him about four dollars worth. He took it and drove off.

I allowed I paid him enough for the goods anyhow. I put the butter in the breast of my shirt and distributed the eggs in my different pockets. I was pretty well loaded, but wanted to take my pick and shovel home. They were leaning against the back of the pit and I had undermined the side, so when I reached over to pull them out, down I went head over heals to the bottom with my load of butter and eggs. Talk about your mess, I was right in it. I got out again and started for my cabin. I found I had a dozen good eggs yet and though the butter was pretty well smashed, it did not hurt any. I said to myself, "That's what you get for trying to beat people. You got paid back before the man was out of sight."

I was interested with two other men in a quartz claim, but we could not get a color. The hole was down ten or twelve feet, but the other boys thought it would get good as we went deeper. One old miner told us, "The gold may be fine and you don't save it, so get some quicksilver and put a few drops in while you are panning and then put the pan on a slow fire and evaporate the quick silver and you may get something."

— Sure enough when we tried it with the quicksilver the pan was yellow around where it had evaporated off. The boys got excited about it and wanted to do some work on it right away. It did not look right to me though. They kept bothering me for a week or so to go to work and sink a shaft deeper. One day I put in some quicksilver without any pulp at all and got the same kind of a prospect. I saw that the gold came from the quicksilver. It had been used before and was charged with gold. When they asked me to go to work again I

told them that they could have my interest. I finally told them the gold came out of the quicksilver.

I got word from McMackin to come down to the ranch as he wanted to see me. There were a couple of young fellows there that night, who had their own team, and told about a woman down on Battle Creek about ten miles south of the Sidney Road. She threatened to kill them because they would not eat what she had cooked for them. Anyhow they were joking one another considerable about it. I heard the next day just what happened.

Dave Madison was freighting between Sidney and Rapid and had a women we called the Sage Hen who used to go along with him. She would generally stay down on Battle Creek till he unloaded at Rapid and then go back with him.

She was at Battle Creek this day and didn't have an over supply of provisions when these two fellows came in and ordered dinner. She had a piece of bacon boiling and said she did not have much, but they agreed to take whatever she had. She went out towards the barn to get some greens, what we called lamb's quarters. She put them in the pot with the bacon and made some coffee. The two young fellows were poking fun at her all the time. Finally she announced dinner. They went up to the table and drank the coffee, but said they would not eat the greens. She had a big six shooter under her apron and said, "You will eat those greens and you will eat every bit of them," as she pulled the gun out, "and don't delay much about it, either, as I got no time to fool with smart alecks." She walked backwards and forwards and it seemed to be her turn to do the talking. They finally went after the greens and cleaned them all up and told her they had eaten everything. She said, "Now you pay me a dollar a piece and the next time don't be so fresh when you

come to a stranger's house to eat." They got out as quick as they could, I was told.

That fall the Cheyenne Indians broke away from their reservation. The soldiers rounded them up at Fort Robinson, but they were so unruly that they could not hold them. One night they broke out and started north. In trying to round them up again the soldiers killed over a hundred and fifty of them a few miles out of Fort Robinson, but the balance of them got away. They were finally rounded up in Wyoming in the neighborhood of the Custer Battlefield and when they brought them back they came by way of Rapid City. They were hard to manage as they were a thieving and dangerous lot. They were supposed to make camp on Spring Creek.

I happened to be going to McMackin's that day and got down pretty well in the foot hills when I heard someone talking on the other side of a little ridge. I crawled up on my hands and knees and peeked over. I saw five or six Indians and pulled in my head like a mud turtle, and in looking around again saw several small parties that seemed to be coming right for me. I started in the opposite direction and got into a thicket and in so doing seemed to have stirred up about a million mosquitoes that were in there. They swarmed around my head. I tied my handkerchief around, but that did not seem to do any good. After ten or fifteen minutes I concluded I would just as leave have the Indians take my scalp as to be eaten alive by mosquitoes, so I struck out for the high ground. When I looked back I could see several small bands of Indians in the neighborhood of McMackin's ranch so I went back to Rockerville.

CHAPTER X.

PROSPECTOR CATCHES COYOTE AT GREAT RISK—KAS-
INGER COMES INTO THE STORY

I was uneasy about McMackin and went down in a few days. The Indians were gone. Those Indians were a bad lot and seemed to have a chip on their shoulder, always looking for trouble. They took all the canned goods and what few groceries McMackin had in sight, but he had his whiskey hid so they did not get any of that. He told me that one of the officers paid for everything the Indians took. Some of the Indians had big rolls of bills which I suppose they had taken from the settlers.

Winter was coming on and there was something doing all the time. The Indians were particularly bad. The big freight outfits like Pratt & Ferris, Evans & Hornick, drove ten mule teams and teams made up of ten yoke of cattle, with outriders on each side as they travelled.

One man who was traveling alone came along with a six mule team. McMackin was gone and Joe Fairfield and myself were running the place. As this man got about two miles away we heard quite a bit of shooting. There was a couple of Indians laying down beside the road and they started in shooting at the lone freighter. They shot down one of the mules and as the man got out of the wagon he was shot in the shoulder. He got back in the wagon as quick as he could but could not use his gun. Joe and another man who was with us, rode out to where the shooting was going on. This man saw them coming and thought they were more Indians. All he could do was to swing his gun around with his good hand, and he said afterwards that if he

could he would have shot them for Indians, as he was pretty well rattled at the time.

Fairfield rode into Rapid for assistance, but he got into a poker game with Bradley, the road agent, and others and forgot to come back. That afternoon Frank Moulton, the sheriff of Pennington county, and Bill Steele, his deputy, came over to the ranch and told me that I had better move into Rapid and that they would send a rig after the woman who was cooking, as she had a baby about a year old and was awfully scared. I told them to send for the woman, but that I did not intend to go, as McMackin had about two hundred tons of hay and quite a little stock of goods that I did not intend to go off and leave. Then they went back.

Several small bands of Indians hovered around east of the ranch at the time. Late in the afternoon I looked off to the north in the direction of Rapid and saw three Indians standing on the edge of a bluff. The Indians seemed to have their hands over their eyes looking towards the ranch. I looked pretty close and saw three horses coming right for the place with bundles tied on their saddles. To me it looked as if the Indians were laying for them so I thought I would commence operations. I got out my gun. It was a big Remington with a Hawkins barrel, weighing about sixteen pounds and shot one hundred and twenty grains of powder. I took rest on the corner of the house and aimed six inches above the middle Indian's head. They were standing close together and I let go.

The woman was walking around carrying her baby looking on. She said, "Why, you killed all three of them." They all dropped, anyhow. The bullets must have gone pretty close.

The horses by that time were quite close and as I did not see any Indians I went and opened the corral gate. They were coming right on and I tried to head

them off so they would go in, but they struck a lope and went on right by. Shortly afterwards a party came from Rapid to take the woman. He wanted me to go, too, but I wasn't scared then, so I would not go. But there was a time during the night when I wished I had gone.

The stocktender had strict orders to stay in the barn and watch the horses. He was off about two hundred yards from the ranch building close to the corral. There was one window looking out on the road from the main room so I made a shutter, and put it on the outside so that no one could see a light inside. As it got late I commenced to get pretty uneasy myself.

It was a nice, still night and I could hear things quite a distance. I walked the floor till about eleven o'clock trying my best to scare myself, thinking the Indians would slip up and set fire to the hay and when I went out of the house they would get me, for I knew they were not very far off.

Many a night before that freighters would come up and camp close by, but this night none showed up. I thought I would lay down and loosened my belt of cartridges, put my gun handy by and my six-shooter in my holster on the bed. I must have lain there about an hour expecting something to happen every minute. I then thought I heard the hoofs of horses walking on the road close by and as I listened the sound became clearer. Shortly afterwards I heard voices at the door and just about the time I was sure there was someone there my heart commenced to beat so loud that I could not hear a thing and I couldn't get up either. After a bit I made a supreme effort to sit up in bed and I think my heart went back to its right place. I got up, tightened my belt, took my gun and walked towards the door. There I listened.

Sure enough there was talking, but I couldn't un-

derstand a word. I stood there about two minutes and then heard a noise in the kitchen, probably a mouse knocked down a tin plate from the table or some such thing. Well, I thought that they were getting in from the kitchen and I concluded to fight my way out the front door.

The key was in the lock and as my gun had a set trigger I would sure get one of them as I went out. I turned the key and pulled the door wide open and pushed my gun out against the breast of one of them. The color of his hair and his whiskers were the only things that saved his life. I said, "Come in here," and marched him over to the fire place and said, "Sit down and blow them coals." He got down and soon had a fire blazing. I went out and marched the other one in. By that time I had some light and said, "What in hell are you fellows doing here at a man's door in the middle of the night when the country around is full of Indians?" One of them answered. "Oh, please, mister, don't shoot, we lost our cattle and are camped five or six miles down the road. We thought they came this way and that you might have seen them." I said, "Don't you know that the country is full of Indians?" He said, "We thought maybe they stole them."

Well, I was greatly relieved and felt myself to be four or five inches taller than a few minutes before and I gave them a good piece of my mind. They wanted to stay for the night so I told them to put their horses in the corral. I never wanted company so bad as I did that night.

They started out next morning and found their cattle. They drove up to the ranch and stayed another night. They were Swedes I think and could not talk very good English. One of them said, "I never was so badly scared in my life as when you punched me with

that gun.’’ “Well, I said, “I felt a bit uncomfortable myself about that time.”

Shortly after that I think I did the most foolish thing I ever did. A party was there from Rapid and Rockerville and gambled all night. Joe Fairfield was supposed to have charge of the ranch at the time but I was up all night, too. Along in the morning we heard a coyote howling out by the corral where they were eating on a dead mule. We set a trap and caught one by the front foot. One of the boys went over and came back and spoke about it.

I had got acquainted with a squaw man, a half-breed French and Indian, some time before, and he told me that if you took a switch and gave the coyote a good beating, you could pick him up and walk off with him.

I told the boys about that and they gave me the laugh. One of them said, “I will bet you five dollars you can’t do it.” Told him I thought I could, and he said, “I’ll give you ten to five that you can’t do it.” He spoke in a slurring way and it made me mad, so I said, “Come on with your money and put it in Joe Fairfield’s hand.” I put on my overcoat and gloves and told them to get their rope ready. I cut a good switch and about seven or eight of us walked over, and I gave the coyote a good licking. “Now,” I told Fairfield, “You put your foot on the trap when I pick him up and unloosen him.” I was afraid he would bite me in the face but kept my head pretty close to his shoulder. He was cringing when I reached around him and Fairfield let him out of the trap and I walked off with him. I took him to the house and put a dog collar and chain on him and tied a rope to the chain. One of the boys took hold of the rope and we all walked out to the middle of the road where I threw him down.

The fellow that made the bet with me got in the

way of the coyote and when he started to run he lost a chunk out of the seat of his pants. I was kind of glad of it, too. We tied the coyote to the corner of the house with about five feet of rope and I went and got my money.

The coyote was fed fresh meat and was given water, but he would not touch either and starved himself to death.

I also got pretty well acquainted with a man there by the name of Andy Kasinger. He worked around considerably for Mac putting up hay. He said he was from Texas. I will have more to say about him later. He told me he would not pick up that animal for love or money.

The same squaw man who told me about the coyote told me that he had seen about a half bushel of free gold specimens about as big as his fist and the gold was in a white quartz with particles as big as peas and some as big as lima beans. That must have been immensely rich. He said the Indians told him it came out of a small ledge of quartz in the southern hills. There was a range of mountains running kind of east and west with a small stream running north. As this stream emerged from the granite it came through a gorge in which there were three falls. One of about seventy to a hundred feet, and then a kind of rapids and fall of about thirty feet. He told me if I could find that place I wouldn't have any trouble in locating the white quartz ledge. I found it later and will tell about it in due time.

The road agents were taking in the stage right along, sometimes they would operate on the Cheyenne road and the next night at some point on the Sidney road.

I remember one time a stage pulled in and a big

fat man and his boy got out. The fat man took off his coat and vest and started to strip. The boy ran his hand up his father's back and pulled out a good big roll of bills that the old man had concealed in the fat of his back between his shoulders. I know the smallest bill he had was a twenty for I changed it for him. They had a pretty good laugh on the road agent as he had taken everything else they had. They were pretty well fixed with that roll, though.

One afternoon shortly after that we thought we would have some fun with the new stock tender, and Fairfield said "Let's hang a man. I will fix him up and you can go and tell the new man to come over to see the road agent we hung." So he stuffed a pair of overalls with some hay and got a blouse which he stuffed too, he tied them both together and fastened on a pair of overshoes to the legs of the overalls. He fixed it up so that it looked pretty good. We tied it up to the log that went across from wall to wall at the ceiling about seven feet high. After we got it hung it looked like the real thing.

The stage did not run very regular in those days and it was liable to come in at any time. So while we were standing there looking at our "man" the stage came in with a whiz and passed the window about a hundred yards and stopped. Two or three men jumped out and rushed to the ranch. I jumped up on a chair and cut the effigy down. The fellows saw us do it through the window and I kicked it under the bed, but the overshoes stuck out. When they came in to get a drink they saw the overshoes sticking out. Then they went out to the stage and rounded up the whole bunch to come in and see what we had. Anyhow we took in a few dollars out of that crowd and they all got to see what was supposed to be a dead man under the bed. They went on to Rapid and told about it.

I was well acquainted with Frank Moulton and Bill Steele, the sheriff and deputy. They came over the next day to the Spring Creek ranch. One of them entertained us while the other went looking around the ranch for the grave. I thought I would tell Moulton about the joke but did not at the time. So they went back.

The next day or so I saw Steele in Rapid and he said, "How about you fellows getting a road agent down there?" I said, "We haven't got any yet", and he told me what he heard. I said, "Why didn't you talk when you were down the other day and I would have told you all about it." So I thought we had a good joke on Moulton and Steele, too.

One day while I was in Rapid my friend, Fred Herman, told me that he was going down to Platts-mouth. At the time he was clerking in Gramberg & Schnasse's store and I thought he represented Schnasse as he was not there at the time. He showed me a nice revolver he had just bought and said, "Where would you put it to keep the road agents from getting it?" I said, "What in blazes did you buy it for if you are afraid they are going to take it away from you. Leave it here and I will send it to you by mail." "Well," he said, "I have something else that bothers me more than that. I have four or five ounces of gold dust and some nice nuggets I want to take home." I thought if he scattered them around loose in his pockets he might get away with it, as I thought they were after pocketbooks. He said he would try it. He decided to go by way of Cheyenne as he did not think the agents took in those coaches as often as they did on the Sidney road. The next day he left.

I saw him a year or so afterwards and asked how he made the trip. He said, "Things went along all right till we got to a place called Indian Creek between the

Cheyenne River and Rawhide Butte, then the road agents held us up. There were two women in the stage, but the agents did not have much trouble with them as they seemed to have all their valuables in their hand bags and it was easy to pass them right over. They said to me, "Here, young fellow, dig up, you carry a pocketbook?" I didn't have much money in it but they got it, next went my watch and they seemed to like my hat. One of them put his hand down my coat pocket and came up against some of the nuggets. Then he ordered me to take the coat off. He thought he liked the looks of my boots, and then they went—his six-shooter was not very far from my head at any time, either. I stood there bare footed. Then he put his hand in my vest pocket (and I blame you for that), and I had some fine dust in there and then he ordered me to take that off. He put his hand in my pants pocket and found more gold. I thought, 'Here goes my pants,' but he let me keep them. The women gave me the laugh, I know. They then ordered us back into the stage and told us to move on. There were four in the bunch. We went on to Fort Laramie and the officers dressed me up a little. Gave me a pair of army shoes, a hat and coat. From there we went on to Cheyenne. At the stage station they bought me a new suit of clothes and gave me a ticket to Plattsmouth, so I did not lose so very much, but I hated to see the nuggets go."

Not long after that McMackin got back to his ranch and concluded he would stay the balance of the winter and I went back to Rockerville. One day I thought I would go down and get a deer. Usually when I would get one he would haul it up to Rockerville with his team. I did not have much luck on the way down and decided to stay all night and go down the valley the next day. McMackin warned me to look out as the In-

dians were troublesome and some had been seen prowling around in the lower country.

In spite of McMackin's warning I started out in the morning. When about two and a half miles down the creek I saw something that looked like a buffalo. Thinking I could sneak up on it I started down a dry coulee. When I thought I was far enough I found a bend in the draw and moved slowly and carefully along with my gun ready. As I came out of the bend I saw a clump of bushes right ahead of me. Something seemed to tell me to look out. Raising my gun and pointing it straight at the bushes I advanced. When within fifty feet of the clump a big, burly Indian rose and his blanket slipped partly off his shoulders, exposing his naked breast. He stared at me like a wooden man and held his rifle across his body, but not in my direction. I began to think they had an animal as a lure to trap me. So with my gun covering the Indian I started to back away from him, giving him to understand that I would not start trouble if he was not looking for it. He did not move. I backed up until I got behind a rise in the ground sufficiently high to protect me from fire and then turned and ran. I tell you I did some tall running for a while.

When I had put a good distance between us and got on high ground I looked around and saw four Indians in the act of putting their Jim Crow saddles on their horses. It was evident they intended to follow me, so I took for the roughest ground and where I could run, you bet I ran. It wasn't long before the bullets commenced coming from both sides. I didn't think they could hit me but I didn't dare delay for I knew McMackin was hard of hearing and might not hear the shooting so I made every effort to get back to the ranch. Whenever I slackened up my pace to get my wind, the whiz of the bullets urged me to move on. I loosed my collar

and with my belt loaded with cartridges and my fifteen pound gun growing heavier and heavier and my wind less and less, I made on towards the ranch.

Finally as I staggered up the brow of the hill, my tongue swollen and dry and my breath coming in puffs the buildings of the ranch came into view. McMackin was out with a field glass looking the country over trying to locate me. When I started down the hill he spotted me. He afterwards told me there were two Indians on horseback on my right and two more on my left. He picked up his gun and in his excitement endeavoring to throw out a shell he wedged it in the extractor making the gun useless. He came just the same swinging the gun over his head and shouting for me to come on. But I was out of breath and couldn't come any further. When he came up to me he grabbed me and urged me with great excitement to come on, but I told him I was all in. His urging made me mad, and I said, "Why in thunder did you come out here if you are afraid?" My remark cut him like the sting of a whip. When I got to the ranch the first thing I did was to go behind the bar and take three big drinks of whiskey. They did not affect me any more than so much water. McMackin, after a few moments' silence while I was regaining my wind, remarked in a voice of injured friendship, "You as good as called me a coward out there, just look at this gun." He showed me the rifle with the shell wedged in it. I then said, "You are no coward, and I know it," so we shook hands and the incident was closed.

For some time after my escape and while I was recovering from my exertion he watched the Indians through the field glass. They prowled around for a while and occasionally came in the open and took a look at the stage station and finally rode away.

McMackin kept a good watch for Indians on Spring

Creek and one day shortly after my foot race he decided he would go down and see how things were. The stage company had a grey horse that was supposed to be fast and he borrowed it to make the trip. He went about four miles where there was a butte standing in the middle of the valley. He tied his horse to some brush and went up with his field glasses to look the country over. Right at the foot of the hill to the south,, he saw an Indian headed towards the ranch. He said to himself, "Here's where I get you now." He shot and seemed to hit the Indian in the chest. He dropped off his horse, and the animal turned and ran back. McMackin ran down to where the Indian lay and put his hand on his head, as he intended to scalp him. The Indian jumped up and let out an unearthly yell and blew blood all over McMackin's face and shirt and then fell dead. Mac looked down the creek and saw a bunch of Indians coming on a dead run so he hurried for his horse and started home as fast as he could. They chased him a few miles but could not keep up with him. When he got to the ranch he washed his face and saddled another horse and started for Rockerville to see me. He rode up kind of excited and said, "I got one of those Indians that gave you the chase, but the others gave me a good chase, too.' and told me just what happened. I saw his shirt was all blood and asked why he hadn't changed it. He said, "I did not think you would believe me if did not show you the blood." It was not the first Indian blood that McMackin saw for he belonged to a Nebraska regiment that had seen lots of trouble with the Indians during the war. He said to me as he was getting ready to go back, "Frank. I never want to hear another yell like that Indian gave."

CHAPTER XI.

HEBERT MEETS UP WITH PARTY OF ROAD AGENTS, BUT
DIDN'T ASK FOR REWARD

Along about that time the road agents were pretty active in the vicinity of McMackin's ranch. One Saturday afternoon I decided to go down and spend Sunday and see how things were going and figured I would make a circle to the south and try for a deer. I was traveling right in the foot hills near a place called Red Earth and was traveling for a butte that stood in there. As I looked up I saw a man rise and disappear on the other side. I knew he saw me and thought that it might be a road agent so figured I had better go and show myself.

Sure enough there was a party of four of them. Their horses were picketed out and they were all sitting around a fire. I did not like the looks of things at all and thought I was heading right into trouble. I knew they were expecting people to spy on them as there was a big reward for their capture. I walked right up to them with a "Hello." They did not seem to be very sociable but I sat down, anyhow. Finally one of them said, "Where are you going?" Told him to McMackin's about four miles off. Then, "Where did you come from?" "Rockerville." "What are you doing there?" "Placer mining." Making anything?" "Oh, pretty fair." Got any gold dust with you?" "Some." "Let's see it." So I took out a sack that had about an ounce and a half in it. They poured some out into their hands and examined it, but put it back and handed it to me with the remark, "Have you got any tobacco?" I happened to have two-thirds of a plug and told them if they were out they could keep it as I could get plenty where I was going.

I thought it was up to me to make a pretty good talk for it would not be much trouble to kill me and no one would ever be the wiser, so I tried to convince them the best I could that I was all right. I stayed about a half hour talking like a Dutch uncle and I saw that they were getting uneasy so I made up my mind to start. I got up and said, "If you fellows are prospecting and you come up to Rockerville I will try to put you on to some good diggings where you can do pretty well, and if you are out of anything in the grub line just come right over to McMackin's and you can get it there."

I felt a little safer after that for they did not seem to want me, so I thought I had better get a move on before they changed their minds and said, "Well, I must go now, I want to get there for supper, good bye", and away I went. They never said a word and I never looked back, either, and did not feel safe till I had some rough country between us.

When I got to the ranch I told McMackin about it. "Great Scott," he said, "We can get them, just see the reward that is out for them." I told him he could get them if he wanted to, but I didn't. He said he would try and went out to the corral and saddled his horse with the intention of going to Rapid. I told him, "You are working this just right to get me killed. You try to round them up right away and they will know that I put you on." But nothing would do, he must go to Rapid. Along in the night a big posse came out and some went with the stage and watched the road pretty close between there and Buffalo Gap. The road agents would have gotten a reception that night had they taken in the stage, but they did not attempt it.

McMackin went back to Rockerville with me next day. He did not seem to think there would be any danger but I was afraid they might take a shot at me.

There was a man in Rapid named Bradley, who did not seem to do anything but gamble, and the common

talk was that he was an agent, but I never heard anyone charge him with it. So one day when I had charge of the ranch a freighting outfit came along from Rapid and Bradley was along. He came in and ordered a quart of whiskey and said, "I have no change with me to pay for this but I have a log chain in the wagon that I will leave till I come back, that will pay for the whiskey." I said, "I don't want the chain, you are good for a quart." I remember he urged me to take the chain, but I would not.

He drove away and apparently left the train before it reached Buffalo Gap and got in with the road agents that night and held up the stage. Old Bradley was bossing the job. Ed Cook, the superintendent of the stage line, was on. Bradley said, "Roll out!" A few of them got out so he hollered again, "Roll out!" and shot through the stage and took a piece off Cook's ear. Cook jumped out and said, "Can't you give a man time to get into his boots?" Bradley said, "When I say, 'roll out!' roll out, I am Captain." Cook said, "Yes, Bradley, I know that, I have known it for some time." They got a pretty good haul that time so I heard, and that was the last time to my knowledge that the stage was taken in north of Buffalo Gap.

To the best of my knowledge Bradley was never caught, but they got some of the others. I saw Fly Speck Billy shortly afterwards when they were bringing him in, but he lived long enough to be hung in Custer.

Soon after I went up to see how things were at Rockerville and returned to the ranch in about a week. McMackin was gone and left his two nephews in charge. I heard loud talking before I reached the house and when I went in I found they were having trouble. One of the boys said, "Here is the boss now." I saw a great big fellow over six feet tall swinging his arms and wanting to fight. There was a club behind the bar and I

got a hold of it and told him he had better get out. He went out into the road and said, "Now you fellows come out here and I will clean up all three of you." He had two six shooters in his belt and as I did not see the necessity of killing anyone for a few drinks I told him that I would not go, but that he was not to come in. I was brandishing the club in the doorway. He stayed around outside for a half hour or so inviting us three to come and fight any way we chose, with guns, fists or clubs. I thought it best not to accept the challenge, but we guarded the door pretty close. Finally he went over to his wagon and must have fallen asleep for we did not see him again till morning. He came over with a leg chain that he had stolen from the station at Battle Creek. He threw it down on the floor and said "This is all I got, but I must have a drink." I thought that a man got pretty desperate the next morning after a big drunk, so the best way to get rid of him was to give him a drink. I gave him a half pint and told him to clear out.

The next day I had occasion to go to Rapid on the stage. I got in late and in those days we had our beds on the floor wherever we could find room. That night I went into the American House—the stage station. I passed close to a man laying on the floor and recognized my bad man. His face seemed beaten to a pulp. Evidently he found what he was looking for.

It was getting on to spring in '78 and I was watching Rockerville pretty close, as Lapham was about ready to start his gold mill on the cement. I was very anxious to know whether or not they could make it pay. They ran two or three weeks, but the reports I heard about it were not very favorable. Finally when they cleaned up it became known that it was a failure and so I concluded to pull out and go to Rochford, as there was a considerable stir there.

Apparently they had a rich prospect at Meyers-

ville and were working full force on the Stand By mine and were talking about putting up a big mill. A. J. Simmons was superintendent and told me the Stand By was all right, so I located at Rochford. Also got good reports from the mine they called the Montana and another known as the Minnesota a few miles north on Silver Creek.

I prospected around there five or six weeks.

One evening a man came to me and said, "You are here I see. You gave me a great old chase last winter going from Rockerville to Spring Creek. I was a Government agent and thought it was you who kept the road agents informed, but I found you were all right." We had a great laugh as I told him about the time I did find the agents. I said I did not give them much information, but was willing to tell them all I knew for my visit with them might have turned out serious.

I met Kasinger there. He had taken up a ranch on Silver Creek right close to the Minnesota mine. He had a friend with him on the ranch named Barton, who had come from Texas with him. They seemed very friendly at the time.

Kasinger said, "Let's go into partnership, I got a team and saddle horse and a wagon and we can go from one place to another. You prospect and I will put up all expenses and we will go halves." I agreed.

We heard of a strike being made on Box Elder in the neighborhood of Greenwood. Bob Flormann had a crew of men working there. So I had Kasinger drive me over with my outfit and told him to come back in about a week. I went out and examined all the prospects and started working towards the south. The ore on the surface showed up good in fine gold in a granulated formation. It seemed the deeper I went the poorer it got, but at the time I did not examine it very closely.

About four or five days after that while prospecting to the south I was on a side hill looking down on South Box Elder and saw a ledge cropping out. I broke off six or seven pounds here and there. I saw pyrites in it but it was a fine looking quartz. I went back to camp and pounded up that rock.

Next morning when I panned it I had about a tea spoon full of metal, but I knew it could not be gold for it did not look just right. In testing the metal I diluted a little nitric acid and left it in my pan all night over the concentrate. I worked it down next morning to where I was satisfied it had some gold. When Kasinger came I had him go and have some of it assayed. It went three per cent copper and twenty-two dollars in gold. I thought that was pretty good.

I concluded to move my camp down on South Box Elder to be close to the mine. There was no way to get in with a wagon, as the country was very rough with down timber in every direction, but we got to the top of the hill above it. I had a half barrel made into a tub and got that down to camp so I could put my stuff in it. It was a good thing I had it or I never could have kept any grub. Kasinger helped me to make camp. We threw some poles against a cliff and stopped up one end of it with logs, the other looking towards the creek we left open. It was about the wildest country I ever saw. Kasinger went away and said he would be back in about a week and he would hire some men to come and help me. I busied myself the balance of the afternoon making a bunk in one corner and in getting things straightened out. As night came on I thought I saw some pretty big animals walking on the opposite side of the creek, but when I got up to take a good look at them they disappeared in the brush.

There was plenty of wood and I made a good fire, for I knew there were plenty of mountain lions around there. I also knew they were a cowardly animal and

did not think they would come and take me out of my shack. I got some pine needles handy so as to make a quick fire if anything happened. I went to bed, but kept hearing them off in the brush. I must have had something on my nerve for in the night I know that my whole body raised up to what seemed about a foot and down I came and woke up. I heard the brush crack mighty close so I got up and got a good blaze going. I thought to myself that Kasinger could not get that man any too soon to suit me, for I didn't know just how much of that kind of a life I could stand. I put in a miserable night, but next morning when the sun came out things looked better, so I started to work. The prospect looked good and I felt first rate.

I came down to dinner. The reef of rocks projected out so I could not see the camp till I got pretty close and then found a mountain lion in the shack. The first jump must have been twenty feet and the next took him out into the brush. Well, I figured I had neighbors anyhow and they seemed to be afraid of me. However, when I came back to camp that night, I made it a point to move around and make some noise as I did not want to surprise anything in the camp. I think it worked all right.

That night I got two big logs and put them end to end and built a fire between them so that it would burn longer. However I did not have any pleasant dreams that night either, for I heard brush cracking and some growling not many rods off. That was about the most miserable week I ever put in, but after that I got used to it and when Kasinger came back he had a good laugh on me. He said he could not get a man but would bring one out as soon as he could. We staked off several claims. He stayed a few days and seemed to take a great liking to me.

He took a trip to Rochford and while he was gone I went off to make a little discovery on one of the

claims and saw that someone had knocked my notice down and put up another. In fact they had jumped two claims. I knew the parties that did it. They were both working for Flormann. When Kasinger came back I told him about it.

After we had lunch he took his gun and started off and I asked him where he was going. He said, "I am on my way to kill two Dutchmen right now." I told him that would not do and talked for maybe fifteen minutes and finally said, "You are not entitled to do it, you don't own all the ground." "Well," he said "You are not going to do any killing as long as I am with you." I told him I did not want him to do any, either, while I was around, unless it was absolutely necessary, and "You stay here and I will go and tell them fellows to knock their stakes down and put ours back. If they don't do the right thing I will come back and you can go and do whatever you please."

He cooled off by that time and I noticed that his eyes when he was excited were red, they seemed to dance in his head. I knew then that he had done something in his life out of the common. I went off and told those men finally, "You can do as you like, but there will be a couple of dead Dutchmen around pretty soon if you don't go and take those notices and stakes down." They did not say much, but followed me as I went away. I went by the place later and heard them knock the notices off, so that settled that matter.

CHAPTER XII.

MOUNTAIN LIONS AND KASINGER'S STORIES MAKE LIFE
INTERESTING

Kasinger had a habit of getting up in the night, smoking and then going back to bed. One night I thought I would get up and smoke with him. He laughed and said, "Now what's the matter with you?" I said "Oh, I killed a man, too", and started in to light my pipe. He must have laughed five minutes and I said to him, "It's funny how it disturbs a man even after years." He said, "That's so, but there is only one man that disturbs me, and that is the first one I killed. I never told anyone about it before, but I would tell you anything.

"I was with a band of bushwhackers in Southern Missouri (I forget whether he said it was Mosby or Quandrille). There was a farm at the foot of a big hill, with a small stream running between the hill and the house. Two of us were ordered to go to that farm and get all the grub we could. We knew there was a regiment of soldiers camped close by and that they kept guard. There was a party and dance on that night for the soldiers at the farm. We knew just what rounds the guard made, from the smoke house to the corner of the fence, and they would meet at the smoke house. We got up close to the smoke house and of course dared not make any noise. We had it understood we would work together. I waited till my man got close, then I reached out and got hold of him and cut his throat from ear to ear. My partner did the same without making much noise. I went into the smoke house and loaded up with hams and bacon. I was to wait for my partner at the creek. He went into the kitchen and found the table piled high with cake, pie and sandwiches. He took the

four corners of the table cloth and threw it over his shoulder and came on and we struck on towards the brush and finally got to camp and had a feast that night. That's the only one that bothers me at all. You seem to be interested and I will tell you some more tomorrow night."

Next morning I said to him, "You will have to go and kill me a deer for this bacon is not very good." He said, "You are a queer duck, some people live good on what you got. There are plenty of greens around and you can boil some with the bacon. Do you know there is plenty of fish in that stream?" I told him to get the fish if he thought he could.

He took a fuse, a cap and about a third of a stick of giant powder and we started up the creek a little piece to where there was a beaver dam. He tied a rock to the powder, lit it and threw it into the dam and as it exploded pulled away some of the dam so as to bring the current his way. Sure enough we got twenty or thirty. I forgot now whether they were chubs or suckers. Anyhow they made good eating.

I was anxious for the next night to come but he did not say anything and I did not want to press him. I was glad to have him with me at night as I made him sleep on the outside of the bed, so I felt safe and could get a good sleep. The next night I was more anxious, and when he got up to smoke I got up, too. He laughed good and hearty again and seemed to enjoy telling what he had to say:

"As I was prowling around one day getting pointers on the soldiers three of them rode right onto me and started shooting. I turned three or four somersaults in the thick hazel brush and lay down. I heard one of them say, 'We got him,' but they did not come over to see whether they did or not. I was shot in the fleshy part of the hip and it took a chunk out of the bone. I

lay there till it got dark and dragged myself down to the creek. I was getting good and hungry by then. We used to carry parched corn in our pockets, in fact that is what we lived on most of the time, but I had eaten all I had the day before. Next morning when it was light enough I unraveled some of my shirt and got some thread. I found a pin of which I made a hook. There were plenty of grubs and bugs along the creek and I baited the hook. It wasn't long before I caught some of those little fish, about three or four inches long. I ate them just as they were.

"I then decided I would take chances and crawl up to where I thought some of our boys were liable to pass and kept a good watch. Finally I saw one of them and whistled at him. He knew my call and came over. He leaded me on his horse and we traveled along about three miles to a cabin in a clearing in the back woods. The clearing was about three or four acres and that was about as big a farm as any one wanted in those days.

"The man who owned the place was one of our bunch and he had a wife and grown daughter. The girl would parch corn most of the time for the boys. They started to doctor me up. The girl took a great liking to me after I had been there about a week. She had a lover, though, who was in our party and he got jealous right off. He told the girl, 'I don't like that Kasinger, I want him to get well and get out of here', but she took my part. I was getting along fine with my wound, but to tell the truth I was in no hurry to go. In a couple of weeks I was well enough to go. Her lover told the girl that if I was there when he came back he was going to kill me. The girl told me about it and so I made up my mind it was either him or me. I saw him riding across the clearing one day and went out with my gun to meet him. He started in shooting as soon as he saw me, but his horse was plunging and he missed

me, but when I shot I got him. He did not need anyone to take care of him either for he was dead. I went and rounded up a party of our people and in course of time we buried him."

I asked him if he married the girl, and he said "No, I got in with my party and never went back. I killed eleven more besides those fellows, but it was just common killing and I don't quite remember how some of them occurred."

"Well" I said, "That makes thirteen." He said "That is how many I know I got before the war was over. After the war I did not think it would be safe for me to go back home, so a party of us went to Texas, and when the Black Hills excitement started some of us came up here."

He wouldn't talk much about how he was raised, but his mother died when he was young and his sister kept house. Two or three acres was all they had and that was all they wanted. One time he said, "I was hunting squirrels and went up to one of the neighbors who I found loading everything he had in a wagon. I asked him why he was moving and he said, "There is no more pine knots around here, I couldn't find one in a half mile. Two miles away I found a place with good water and plenty of pitch, so I move there."

I said to Kasinger one time, "You have been in some dangerous places, where did you get the worst scare of your life?" He laughed and said, "It was a dead man that scared me the worst, and I never even saw him. I will tell you about it:

"After the war, as I said, we went to Texas There was quite a rush of people going down there looking up land. Lots of speculators and some of them were reported to have large sums of money on them.

"At the place I was staying there was a man killed and buried close by. He was supposed to have lots of

money on his person, but those that buried him said they had not searched him. After he had been buried a few days some one came from another settlement and said that the man had lots of money in his clothes. Some of the men around concluded to dig him up and get the money. The party wanted me to help but I refused. They wanted to keep the matter quiet, too, so a party went out at night with lanterns and started in to dig. They got the top dirt off all right but when they got down about a foot things commenced to go wrong. A man would dig a little and quit and they could not make any headway. There were four in the party and each would say to the others, 'You dig'. Finally one got in and started to work, but jumped right out and started for town. The others started after him and wanted to know what was the trouble. 'If you fellows want to dig that man up go to it, I don't'. So they left their tools and hurried to town.

"There was considerable talk about it the next day and some one said to me 'Kasinger, you go dig him up. The chances are there is lots of money on him'. Some one asked me if I was afraid and I told him I was not, but did not like that kind of business. Several of the men tried to make me drink more than I wanted that evening. A friend came to me and said 'Let's go and dig him up, the whole bunch is scared and they say you are afraid, too, I will go with you and we will show up the cowardly bunch.' I did not like it, but said I would go.

"About ten o'clock my friend came over after me. I noticed he had been drinking considerable and acted pretty brave. When we arrived at the grave my friend jumped right in and started to dig. He worked good for a few minutes and then commenced to stamp his feet, and said, 'Lie still, there'. He worked and stamped quite a few times. Then the first thing I knew he was

standing right beside me. By the light of the lantern he looked pale. He stuttered and said, 'You dig.' I jumped in and commenced to shovel out the dirt. It is a fact there was something thumping the ground under my feet. I felt my legs getting numb and the first thing I knew I either jumped or was thrown out bodily." My friend told me later he was thrown out.

I told him that it was his nerves, that when a man was dead he was dead. Kasinger was a man that had no education whatever and I suppose the more ignorant a man is the more superstitious.

He answered, "Have it your own way, I told you my worst scare, but I got another that was almost as bad.

"One time I was out scouting and didn't find my parties that night so slept in the woods alone. I lay down my back. I waited till I was well awake and little from my body. I was very sleepy, but a big rattle snake crawled along and coiled up in the crook of my arm, near my face. I didn't dare stir as I felt him fixing himself. The cold chills were chasing up and own my back. I waited till I was well awake and when I got ready I made the swiftest move I ever made. jumped up so quick the snake did not have time to strike. I went and slept in another place and the next morning went back, found the snake and killed him. He was over four feet long."

Kasinger concluded to go to Deadwood to see if he could not get a man to take his place. That was in July of the year '78.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOUNTAIN RATS NEARLY CAUSE TROUBLE BETWEEN
BROTHERS

There were some parties located about three miles from where I was and they invited me to come and spend the 4th with them. I lost track of the days of the month and it was the morning of the 6th that I got there, thinking it was the 4th. South Dakota had not gone dry yet so they said they would have plenty of wet goods if I came over to dinner. They were running a tunnel to tap a ledge about seventy five feet. The ore on top was considerably oxidized and the prospect looked good. When they got to the ledge the ore was hard, with a greenish caste and full of iron. It was hard to see a color of free gold in it. They were working when I got there and wanted to know why I didn't come on the 4th. I said, "I am here, ain't I?" They told me it was the 6th. We had a good laugh over it and they said they would go back and celebrate anyhow.

In talking during the afternoon one of the boys said, "Have you got any mountain rats over your way?" I said, "Lots of them. I got a box I put my trap in without baiting it. The mountain rats get in and keep thumping around till they hit the paddle and then it is all off with them." Well, he said, "Do you know they will steal?" I told him I did, and he said, "I know one that came near making trouble for three boys over near Galena. They were placer mining and put all their gold in one sack. There were two brothers and another fellow. They had four or five ounces in the sack which represented about all the money they had. One day the sack was missing and it seemed as if the brothers suspected the other boy and he knew it and felt pretty bad about it. It made a cool feeling for quite a while around that camp. One day it stormed and they were out of

wood. They went out to an old dead log close by and chopped into it. It was hollow and the mountain rat had a nest in it. They found their sack of gold, knives, forks, spoons and some other things they had missed from time to time, so that made them all feel pretty glad.

These men were also working in the side of a hill running an open cut to tap a silver ledge they thought was there. They got in about forty feet with a thirty foot face in front. Two of them decided to go to Deadwood one day and the other thought he would do a little work in the mine. He did not work long when he looked back in the neck of the cut and saw a mountain lion watching him. He went back a little piece and shook his pick at it and hollered, "Shoo," but he would not "shoo" worth a cent. In fifteen or twenty minutes he commenced to get uneasy, so he went up towards the lion as far as he dared and started to pick the side of the cut down, made a few steps and got out and started for home. The lion followed him about half way. He went and got his gun, but could not find the lion when he went back. We had our celebration anyhow, and I went on home.

I had a friend in Lead working in the big Homestake stamp mill. He had met a man by the name of Hayward and told him about my strike on Box Elder. As he wanted to see it they came down one day. Haywood was well pleased with my prospect. He seemed to be an all around good miner.

That night he told me of an experience he had in Mexico a short time before coming to the Hills. He said he had a partner who was anxious to go down there. I forgot the name he gave for the places. They heard of an old Spaniard who had a rich gold mine on his grant and they went to see him. They found him a well educated and fine old gentleman. He had a wife and two daughters and ten or fifteen Mexicans working

for him around the place. They went to examine the mine and found it was a small ledge, but very rich in free gold. In running along the ledge would pinch out and leave a streak about as thick as a man's hand for six or eight feet and then open up again sometimes as wide as two feet. It is what is called a lenticular vein.

They made arrangements with the old gentleman to give him twenty-five per cent of what they took out and being good men they built a roaster so they could treat three or four tons a day. As the ore went about forty dollars they had a good thing. There was considerable ore left in the old stopes and they got it out easy enough. The old gentleman would drive them to the nearest town and the bank would handle their small retort.

After they had been working three or four months they discovered they were being watched pretty close by the Mexicans, and of course Hayward and his partner fell in love with the daughters, as the girls had been educated in the United States and the men were good looking, the Mexicans became jealous of them.

Hayward hurt himself somehow in the mine and could not work for several days and his partner thought it would be a good time to take the gold to town. The old Spaniard ordered one of his men to take him in. He had about fifteen or eighteen hundred dollars. On the way back they had to cross a sandy stretch and were held up and his partner was killed. When the Mexican got back he told about what happened, but could not or would not explain what they did with the body, and he never was able to find it. Hayward found that the gold was deposited at the bank and got it later. He said he would have taken the girl with him but was afraid they would get killed before they reached the line. The old gentleman let him keep all the clean up and he promised that later he would come back. At that

time he was talking of going back. Apparently he seemed to think a lot of that Spanish girl.

The young fellow who was with Hayward on the trip to my mine was an old friend from Plattsmouth. When he went back to Lead he went to work at his job in the mill. His clothes got caught in a belt somehow and he was thrown pretty close to the roof and the fall killed him. I heard about it a couple of months afterwards, but that is how some young fellows disappear as no one knew anything about his folks. I knew he had a sister back east, but could never locate her.

They were having what they called a "Water Election" at Deadwood at the time. There was a contention between the Homestake and De Smet companies as to who would furnish Deadwood with water. Both parties came right out openly and offered money for votes. I know some of the boys sold their votes to both sides and even after they voted they accepted money.

I know a young fellow who came into the Hills from Nebraska without a dollar. He started out from Hill City on foot to go to Deadwood and got there in time to vote. The next day it was rumored around that all those who sold their votes were to be arrested and they told what they were going to do with them. It scared that boy and he told Kasinger he wanted to get away from there. So Kasinger hired him and brought him down to work with me. He told him it was a fine kind of a place, and the next day they arrived. Kasinger went back and left the young fellow with me.

We called him Tobey. He was a great big boy about nineteen or twenty years old and did not seem to have much sand. I made it as pleasant as I could for him that evening and he told me about walking to Deadwood from Hill City. He did most of his walking at night. He got out ten or fifteen miles from Hill City and saw a big St. Bernard dog traveling alongside of

the road. Shortly afterwards another dog showed up on the other side. He said they escorted him two or three miles along the road. They would rub their backs against the trees as they trotted along. He said he thought they came from a ranch not far off.

Well, I knew the kind of dogs they were, but did not want to scare him, for he looked pretty nervous. We got ready for bed. I asked him which side he wanted to sleep on and he said any side would do. I told him I would take inside. He saw me put my six-shooter under my head and wanted to know if there was any danger I told him there was not and I thought I would have a good night's sleep anyhow.

Next morning I woke up pretty early and was kind of glad to know there was someone with me. I enjoyed a good rest. Tobey was restless, he commenced to move, his feet began to wiggle and he raised up on his elbow and seemed to be catching his breath. He said, "Just look at those animals across the creek." He made quite a commotion and the mountain lions walked away. I know at several different times they watched me get up from the creek. Well, I let him talk and he said, "I am going to get out of here as quick as I can. I would not stay in a place like this for anything with animals like that around." He busied himself making the fire and I did not want to get up right away or until he cooled off somewhat. I was determined to keep him if I could.

When I got up I said to him, "What are you afraid of?" "Why didn't you see those animals?" he said. "I have seen them lots of times." "And you stay here alone." "Yes." "Well, I don't stay here for anything." I started in getting breakfast but was in no hurry to go to work. I said, "What way are you going to go from here?" He said he did not know and I said, "If you don't know you are liable to not get anywhere. You stay right here and in a few days I will take you to

Rochford. But if you go alone and you think those animals might get you, why they might." I did the best talking I could to induce him to stay and said: "I have been living right among them for six weeks or more and they are afraid of me. To show you there is no danger from a mountain lion I will just refer you to what you told me last night about seeing the St. Bernard dogs coming from a ranch this side of Hill City. There isn't a St. Bernard dog in the country. There isn't a ranch between here and Hill City. The animals that followed you were mountain lions." He said if he had known that he would have dropped dead in his tracks. I said, "Furthermore I will agree to deliver you at Rochford good and safe and to make it good and safe for you here I will sleep in the front of the bed. If you find they are eating me up you can take my six-shooter and defend yourself." So when he commenced to laugh I knew I had him.

We stayed around camp and talked till noon. The sun was shining nice and warm and most anyone could be brave then. I took him up and started to work that afternoon. He seemed to have forgotten about his scare. We went down to camp I made considerable noise before we reached the camp so as to give the lions a show to get out if they were in there, because if Tobey saw one coming out that would certainly settle it.

We worked right along and he concluded he would stay till Kasinger got back. When Kasinger did come the boy was getting braver and he agreed to stay a month. That suited me all right for I certainly needed company. After that he was willing to stay as long as Kasinger wanted him.

I remember I came pretty near getting killed that summer. I had a shaft down about thirty feet and the rock was awful hard. There were great cracks in places and I would put powder in and it would throw rock out as though from a cannon. This time I did not have

very much fuse and I was saving it. I left a couple of inches sticking out and would buil da little fire over it. Sometimes I would have to wait five minutes before I could set it off with my fire and this time I tried it and it was the last, too. I was down in the hole. Tobey was going to windlass me up after I started my fire. I lit it and the fuse spit right away. I fumbled around getting into the bucket and he fumbled around starting me. I yelled, "Hoist quick", and started to climb the rope. As I got to the collar of the shaft I threw myself out. The shot went off while the bucket was six or seven feet down in the hole. It smashed the bucket to pieces but I was up on my feet and able to dodge the rocks.

Soon after that Kasinger came over one day and said, "I think you fellows better have a rest for a while, let's go on a hunt. There's lots of game including deer, elk and bear over around Red Lake and I know where Tobey can get a fine gun cheap. I will buy it for him." Tobey said. "You bet, I want to kill a bear." He was getting brave those days. I could see that we were not going to do anything there for some time so we loaded on all our tools and camp equipment and went on to Rochford.

Kasinger looked to me as if he was in trouble. Several times he was going to tell me something, but Tobey would be in the way. So finally we drove up to his ranch. Barton came out but never said a word. He had always been very friendly with me before that and when I said, "Hello, Barton," he did not answer. So that put me on my guard. Tobey and Kasinger put up the team and I went in. The little woman, Mrs. Barton, was very friendly, but I thought I could detect that she was uneasy about something. I might as well tell right now that Barton had planned to kill Kasinger that night and that he had two boys from Deadwood in an adjoining cabin at the time to help him carry out the deed, as I figured it, but I didn't know it then.

We had supper, but no one seemed to have anything to say. I was to sleep in Kasinger's bed, not far from the fire place. After a while I took off my six-shooter and put it under my pillow and was wondering what the trouble was. I had no more than done that till Barton picked up a boot jack and slammed Kasinger over the head with it before he could make a move. I thought that blow was enough to kill an ox, but Kasinger got up and started for him, staggering like. He told me afterwards he could not see a thing at all and did not know which way he was going. Barton had a gun hanging over the door and I followed him up. He got the gun by that time and turned around with it right up against Kasinger. I grabbed it and the hammer came down on my thumb and took a piece out of it. I made a couple of lunges and got it away from him. By that time Kasinger recovered somewhat and be got Mr. Barton by the throat and it looked like he was choking him, as I could see his eyes pop out, but I didn't care whether he did or not.

Just then I saw those two Kaiser boys come in and Tobey with them. Tobey did not have an inkling of what was going on. I understood when I saw them what the play was to be and I turned loose and read them the riot act. I was the only man in the room with a gun in his hand and I said, "You fellows get out of here and don't let me see you any more, either." They left and after a while Tobey came in and told me they were gone. Barton was subdued and was snickering in the corner. He and his wife had a room partitioned off with a quilt hanging up, so he went in there. I asked Kasinger if he thought he had a gun in there. He said, "No. I will keep an eye on him tonight, you go to sleep."

Next day I asked Kasinger when we were going hunting and he said, "I will have to go to Deadwood first, and I want to get that gun for Tobey. We will go in a week or ten days. You rest up. You want to go

to Rochford any how, there is a saddle horse out there you can use." Barton spoke to me that morning and seemed as if he had changed his mind about killing Kasinger so I might as well act friendly.

Kasinger went to Deadwood and I stayed around the ranch a good part of the time. One day Mrs. Barton said, "Have you any tobacco?" Told her I had, and then she said, "I have an awful toothache and tobacco always does me good." I said, "Why do you want to tell stories like that for anyhow, why don't you say you are out? I know you chew and whenever you are out just say so and I will give you some." I told her I could tell by the color of her teeth. She seemed to have lots of fun over it.

Later I said to her, "What is all this trouble about between Kasinger and Barton? They have known one another pretty near all their lives?" She said, "Barton is jealous and I don't care. One time in Texas I had the smallpox and they took me to some kind of a pest house. Barton did not seem to care whether I lived or died and he was always making love to the nurses right before my eyes." I said "If you don't like him why do you live with him?" She said, "If I left him he would sure kill me and the children, that's why I live with him." She had a little red headed boy about two years old, and I said, "That boy looks just like Barton." But Barton had black hair, while Kasinger's was red. She laughed and I said, "The color of that kid's hair is liable to be the cause of his scrap." "Well, she said, "Barton has no kick coming. When we were coming into the Hills we didn't have much of anything. Kasinger kept us in fresh meat, venison, rabbit and prairie chickens. While in Deadwood Barton couldn't make a living with his little ponies as feed was so dear. Kasinger saw that we had plenty to eat and then he brought us to this ranch, and we might have made pretty good if we hadn't been haled out. Now Barton wants

to go to Leadville right away thinking that Kasinger won't follow, but he is coming just the same. I tell you Barton has nine lives like a cat. I saw nine bullet wounds in his body, each one enough to kill an ordinary man.' I said, "Why did you marry him?" "Well, he wouldn't let any one else come to see me so I thought I would marry him so I wouldn't be the cause of any killing." I said, "Have you got enough money to see you through?" "Yes, Kasinger gave me some and he said he would see me through."

When Kasinger came back he had the gun for Toby and a double barrel shot gun for me with plenty of buck shot. We started off for our hunt at Red Lake at the head of Castle Creek. I rode in the back of the wagon on some bedding, the other two were on the spring seat. We came near tipping over three times and I kept hollering, "Look out!" Pretty soon I felt the wagon going over so I jumped and as I did so I threw the gun out of the back of the wagon. I struck the ground and turned three or four somersaults and then landed in the creek, but wasn't hurt a bit. The gun was loaded and I was afraid it would go off when it hit the ground, but it did not. I got up and went over to the wagon.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOBEY WANTS A BEAR AND KASINGER WANTS BARTON'S
WIFE

One of the horses was on its back and Kasigner went under it. Tobey was under the wagon. Both were yelling for me to hurry and help them out. I sized up which was in the worst fix and decided it was Tobey. I picked up a long hand spike and raised the box off and he crawled out. The harness on the horse was so tight that I could not unhitch the tugs, so had to cut one of the breast straps and then loosened the tugs, and then the horse rolled off Kasigner. I picked him up, but he did not seem to be very badly hurt, and after a while I said, "You smart alecks wanted to scare me and got the worst of it yourselves. it serves you right." It was not long before we were all laughing and in an hour or so got the wagon straightened out and went on our way.

We got pretty close to Red Lake and decided to make camp. From there we could shoot any game that might be around the lake.

It seemed that Tobey wanted to get a bear worse than anything. Next morning Kasinger was up early and he saw a big bear close to the edge of the pond and he came back and wanted Tobey to go and shoot it. So all three of us sneaked up and sure enough there was the bear. Tobey would get on one knee and take sight and then change his mind and get on the other knee and I finally said, "For goodness sake, why don't you shoot?" I had the shot gun and if the bear started for us I was going to give him both barrels and head for the wagon, but no, the bear kept on going till he got some brush between us. I said, "Kasinger why didn't you take a shot at him?" but he said he wanted Tobey to

get it. Well, I said, "Tobey don't look to me to be much of a bear hunter."

We went to where the bear disappeared. The thick et was about a quarter mile long of quaking asp. I took command and said, "Tobey, you go on this side of the thicket, and Kasinger, you go on the other and walk on, I am going throught the middle. There is no danger with the shot gun and the chances are if he sees me coming he will duck out and you will get a shot at him." Kasinger shook his head at me not to do it. I told them to go on and never mind me. So they started off. They walked right along on the outside of the thicket while I went in a piece on the bear's tracks. When things did not look right I got out and followed Tobey. The thicket was getting thin again and I walked in and took my time, then came to the end of it. They were both there waiting for me and I said, "You are nice fel-lows to let that bear get away. I didn't get to see him." Well, I got my bluff in on them and was having fun all to myself. You don't catch me chasing bear out of brush but they thought I did.

There were some elk around the country and Tobey ran into a bunch of them. He thought they were mules till they started off on a trot. He shot into the bunch and said he hit one in the foot and it went off lame. But we did not get any of them.

The next morning we were determined to get a deer. At about ten o'clock while a few miles out I heard a shot close by and went over to investigate. Kassingher had killed a deer. He asked, "Are you hungry?" Told him I was. "Make a fire," he said and started in on the deer and in a few minutes had a couple of nice ribs out and then "Just toast them and go to eating." I saw that he knew just how to make a meal awfully quick after a killing. In a week's time we loaded the wagon and went back. Kasinger got most of them. We

sold a few in Rochford and bought flour for what they brought. Then we went back to the ranch.

Barton was gone. There was a cabin on Silver Creek, a mile or so away and he moved there. I suppose it was his intention to get away from Kasinger, but Mrs. Barton pleaded sick and refused to go.

About then they were building the Minnesota Mill and as they were paying good wages and carpenters were scarce (That was the time of the Deadwood fire) I decided to work a little while. Before I started at the mill Kasinger thought it would be best to do some assessment work on a ridge about a mile or so from the ranch. We could move up in a little cabin. I agreed to go and do the work as he made me a half owner in it.

He drove us up one evening about dusk. There was a fire place in the cabin and I said to Tobey, "Which work do you want to do, get the wood and water, or do the cooking?" He decided to get in the wood and water Down the draw a short piece there was a spring that broke out among some willows. There were plenty of mountain lions around and they would go and drink there. Tobey walked on with his head down and ran onto a lion drinking. The lion was so surprised that it growled and stood up on its hind legs (so he said). I looked on down the draw and saw him coming. He had a small bucket in each hand and his arms stood out at right angles and he was jumping over brush that seemed to be two and three feet high. He certainly was running. He rushed into the house and threw the buckets down and said, "You get the wood and water." It was quite a while before I could get him to tell just what happened? I knew the mountain lion was scared as bad as he was and probably was a half mile off by that time. So I went down and got the water. He said, "I won't stay here if that window is not stopped up." I said, "That's all right. We will tack a sack over it." He said, "Them things will get me yet if I don't look out."

I worked a couple of days and in prospecting the ore that came out of the bottom of the thirty foot hole all I could get was some miserable little colors. I would almost have to have a microscope to see some of them. The third day I went up, got all the tools out and threw the windlass down the shaft. I figured I didn't want any more to do with that. I knew I was losing five dollars a day so I went back to Kasinger's ranch and told him we would quit. He was agreeable and so I went to work at the mill.

Kasinger kept Tobey employed after that.

Barton wanted to go on but his wife would not go with him, saying she was not well enough to go. In the course of a few weeks they finally left. Before they went. I bid her good bye and asked if she had every thing she wanted. "Oh yes," she said, "I got a new wrapper for two dollars and a half, and new shoes and a hat. I must have spent fifteen dollars. Kasinger gave me the money. So I have everything I need." I went away thinking how little it takes to make some people happy.

After payday Kasinger said to me, "You give me fifty dollars and if I don't come back in a year you locate me out on the Anna mine on Box Elder. I sold my team and the ranch and gave Mrs. Barton a little money." He was expecting to get his pay for the ranch and could not go for several days, but he finally bid me good bye and said he would catch up to the Bartons before they reached Cheyenne. The little woman was the magnet and he followed on. I was pretty sure that he would kill Barton or Barton would kill him before long. They were headed for Leadville as there was a big boom on there at the time.

I worked till the mill was completed and helped make a few small runs. I learned all I could about milling the ore and amalgamation, which came in handy afterwards. It did not seem to pay and they shut down.

This was the Enos Mill on the Minnesota mine. I went to Rochford, as I was part owner in a cabin there. While there I saw some boys trying to have fun with a preacher. He used to come down from Galena to preach. There was an empty building that had been used for a saloon and he would do his talking there. There was a tough bunch from Lead around at the time I remember one of them whose name was McCafferty. Anyhow they arranged among themselves to make a large contribution and everyone was to throw in a dollar, with the understanding they were to get it back. It seemed a good many of them went into the scheme for when McCafferty passed the hat everyone seemed to be throwing in a dollar.

The preacher could not help but see that lots of money was coming in. McCafferty put the hat on a stand not far from an open window and stood between it and the preacher while another fellow stole the hat. Things went on all right till the preacher got through with his sermon and was looking around for the contribution. McCafferty said, "I put it right here and someone stole it." They talked quite a while over it and then invited the preacher down to a place where they could get a drink. They treated him three or four times and got him feeling pretty good and he finally said, "That was a dirty trick, and I can lick the son-of-a-gun that stole the contribution." I came away after that and don't know how the thing ended.

A few evenings later I went down the street and stepped in Dave Madison's place. It was just about dark. As I went in I saw two fellows standing at the bar, one of them with a six-shooter in his hand, and reaching over he put it up to Dave's head. They had some drinks and would not pay for them and Dave did not care to give them any more. As I came in Dave said, "Hold on, here is the fellow that owns this place." As they turned to look at me he slipped away. I went

behind the bar and said, "What do you men want?" They wanted whiskey, of course. I set out a bottle and they helped themselves and said, "That bartender of yours is no good." I invited them to take a couple more and said, "Say, you fellows are going to get pretty drunk if you don't go and eat something. Here is a pint to take along with you." One of them said, "You are the right kind of a man." They wanted to shake hands.

Well they turned out to be horse thieves and went down towards Custer. The next evening they camped close to Custer and the people down there were watching pretty close for such fellows. In the night these thieves started to round up some horses and were caught in the act. They were hung a mile or so out of town. A man came up from there a few days afterwards and described them, so I knew it was the same fellows.

I stayed there till things commenced to close down and I saw Rochford was on the decline. The reports were that the Stand By mine did not amount to much and the Minnesota mill was shut down. So along in the spring of '79 I went back to Rockerville as they were putting in a flume from Spring Creek, over near Sheridan to Rockerville. It was supposed that Rockerville would be a pretty lively camp that summer, and it was rumored that Vanderbilt was to put up \$150,000 and that Captain West was to do the work. It was not very long after the flume was completed that it proved a failure. There did not seem to be anyone at the head of the enterprize after Captain West left, so the miners around there kept it in repair and used the water. Some of them made good money.

About that time I was getting letters from McMackin that he wanted me to come down to Custer, as he had bought a mica mine and wanted me to help him. I packed up my belongings on a horse and started out. I remember going through Hill City and saw only one

man. That was John Nisson. He had a little store there. Hill City had been quite a place before, but they all moved away but him. The Mica mine was situated about two and a half miles northwest of Custer in what we called the Park, and I had no trouble in finding it. When I got there I saw McMackin just coming from Custer and he was mad all over. He asked, "What is a whittler?" Told him I didn't know. "Well I have been all over town looking for a whittler. They laughed at me every place I inquired. Anyhow now that you are here I will go and fire that man right off." I asked him about the whittler before he left and said, "You want a draw knife don't you to peel these logs?" He admitted that was what he wanted, but McMackin fired the man anyway.

There had never been a pound of mica taken out of the Black Hills up to that time and Mac started me and a couple other men to work. He said he would go to Cleveland and see if he could not find a market for the product. Meantime he would get some machines to trim it. He left and took the stage from Custer.

Judge Sprague and his family (Mrs. Sprague was a McMackin) were running the boarding house and after we got equipped we started in. The ledge cropped out about six to ten feet above the ground for a distance of fifty feet or more and the mica was very thick next to the wall. I started to put in a row of shots in the wall. I put them in two or three feet and got all the mica out of the streak and left the balance stand. So we took mica out pretty fast.

When McMackin got back he told me he had made arrangements with the Co-operative Stove Company of Cleveland to take the product. They would take nothing smaller than two by three inches, but there were lots of large sized mica in it. That mine has never been equalled by any other that was afterwards worked in the Hills. We kept two machines running trimming

some thirty to forty pounds a day, all nice, clear mica of large size. We worked during the winter of '79 and '80 with quite a force of men. McMackin was still running his freighting teams and he would take the mica down to Sidney and ship it from there on the Union Pacific Railroad.

CHAPTER XV.

CELEBRATED WIND CAVE DISCOVERED AND ATTEMPT MADE
TO EXPLORE

That fall while talking with Charlie Crary in Custer he told me about a hole in the ground where the wind came out screeching. It had been found by Jesse Bingham about fifteen or twenty miles south of Custer. Crary said he had been in there and explored it some and left a ball of twine unstrung along his route. As a party of us were going down in that country after plums I concluded I would go and investigate it. I found Jesse Bingham and he told us as near as he could where to find it, but it took us all the next day to locate it. One of the party walking down the gulch heard the wind. The next morning we drove over with the intention of exploring the cave. Jesse Girelle, his wife, the Cole girls, Mayme Sprague and myself made up the party.

I was supposed to lead. We had to jump down a hole, that I could just about squeeze through, six or seven feet. I started down with my lantern. Had to crawl on hands and knees facing a terrible wind for about fifty feet and then the main hole seemed to be going down at right angles and very steep, but it gave a good foot hold. I waited for some time and yelled for the others to come, but the only one who answered me was Mayme Sprague. She said she thought they were coming. I found the twine that Crary left and made my way down. Explored the walls as we went and saw places that were scalloped and looked like post office boxes. We kept on going down and yelled once in a while but got no answer.

After we had been there for quite a while I saw an opening off to the right and dropped the string with the intentions of exploring that a little. I went in I sup-

pose thirty or forty feet and saw a hole looking down about five or six feet to the bottom, and then another opening down there. While I was looking down I thought I heard water, and as I was beginning to feel thirsty and Mayme said she would like to have a drink I decided to go down and see if I could locate any water, for I thought I was pretty well on the bed rock of that cave. I jumped down and in some of those little caves on the way were some of the finest kinds of stalagmites and stalactites, but I could not find any water so started to go back. It was a little further than I thought to the top, so I had to make three or four tries to jump up to get a hold and told the girl to catch me by the back of the neck and pull. Well she pulled quite a while and I was wiggling up, but I had a cold chisel in my hip pocket and it got stuck in the wall. After struggling several minutes I concluded that I had better get down and try it again, but first I removed the chisel.

I had time to realize how foolish a thing it was to do but was determined to get out of there. Mayme said, "I will try to get back and tell the others to come and help you out." I said, "You won't be able to find the string, and if you do you won't know which way to go. You will go prowling around and get lost for it's a sure thing you can't find your way. I will try it again and if I can't make it will direct you how to get the string and be sure to follow it right back." I was satisfied that she could not have found it. I made my best jump and held on. The girl caught me by the back of the neck and pulled. Finally I wiggled out. In doing so I cut my hands and arms badly and tore the elbows out of my clothes. We started on back, found the string and followed it. Those on top helped to pull us up. They went down as far as where the main part turned down, got scared and went back. I have been down there two or three times since but could not lo-

cate the places that I had explored. The ground was afterwards taken up as a mining claim and another party located over it with a homestead. These two parties lawed for five years and finally the government took it away from both of them and established the Wind Cave National Park of several thousand acres, making one of the finest kinds of game preserve, which is stocked with buffalo, antelope, elk and deer and at the present time thousands of people visit the place during the summer.

A few miles north and close to Custer on the Harney Range the State of South Dakota also has a game preserve. It has recently bought the Sylvan Lake property and is adding to the hotel and building bungaloes. This Park is well stocked with a large herd of elk, buffalo and deer. The State is constructing miles of fine highways in all directions and it will certainly make one of the finest summer resorts in the United States.

One time I went on a prospecting trip with the two Sprague boys. We started from my mica prospect on French Creek, the Window Light, five or six miles below Custer, right across the roughest part of the country for Harney Peak. We had a small pony on which we packed our grub, bed, gold pan, pick and shovel. Many a time we would have to lift the horse up in front, push him over onto a rock, one would hold his tail and the others push him over it. Places that we could not pass any other way.

While up in that country on the trip I saw a nice looking hill (what we call a blow-out) composed of quartz, feldspar and some mica in sight. I wanted to stop and prospect it, but one of the boys said, "Oh there is nothing there. Let's go on." He did that several times. There is one sure thing that fellow would never strike anything.

So we went on. We traveled all day in that

rough country and as it was getting dark we started on the north branch of Sunday Gulch. It got too dark for us and we had to camp. We made our bed and put our canvas on top. Then it started to snow. I felt it pretty heavy on me once or twice during the night but did not move much. We slept on till we got tired with the heavy weight on us and when we peaked out found we had over a foot of snow on us. Then it was a question as to who would get up first. I had my boots under my coat that I used as a pillow, so I wiggled them on and got out. There was a pitch pine stump close by and it wasn't long till I had a roaring fire and by kicking some of the snow away things were not so bad. After breakfast we packed the horse that had been eating brush all night, went north and finally drifting along the side hill we landed close to where the Grizzley Bear mine was at the head of Palmer Gulch. It was plain sailing from there on down to my cabin on Bear Gulch, two miles east of where Oreville is.

I concluded not to go prospecting with those boys again and I worried about that good looking hill many a time. Several times later while working my placer ground I dropped my pick and shovel, went home, got a lunch and struck out for where I thought it was, but never could find it. I told other people about it and they looked with the same result.

That also reminds me of another place I found that I wanted to investigate later. Johnny Foster and Robert Richardson were out to my place and we decided we would go and look for that hill, and in doing so we crossed over a mountain that is due west of Sylvan Lake. We were scattered walking several rods apart. I came to a place where I saw a little white quartz and followed it up and found a ledge. It was brown looking ore and I picked up some of it. It was very heavy, too heavy for ordinary iron and I concluded it was tungsten. I had a sack along and put a fair sample in.

I looked around and thought I could find the place again if I ever wanted to. I hurried and caught up to the others. I know we had lunch in the gap where the Sylvan Lake dam was built afterwards. We spoke of the lake that could be made there by damming up the narrow gap, which Spencer and his party did afterwards. We did not find that place and I never tried the heavy ore, but when the price of tungsten went up to over a hundred dollars a unit I got my mind working on that prospect. I went up six or seven times during those times but could not find it. I think there is tungsten there all right and someone will stumble on it some day.

I hated to give up my Anna Mine on South Box Elder so I went up a few times to relocate it. I know this time I went around by Rapid and up Box Elder Creek to where South Box Elder runs into the main creek. It was about evening when I got there. I saw a new cabin and went over and told the man I had a mine close by that I wanted to go to, and would like to stay with him all night. They had no accomodations at all, but said they would do the best they could. The woman told me she had not seen a soul for two months and was glad of company, for she was very lonesome. The cabin was not completed and they had a blanket in the doorway. Along about nine o'clock while I was sitting near the door in jumped a big black-tail deer right beside me. It kind of startled me for a bit, but the woman said, "That is our pet, he comes visiting pretty near every night and that is about all the company I have." I started out next morning pretty early for I thought I might have trouble in finding the place, as there were dozens of places on the side of the bluff that looked just like it. I finally found it, put up my notice and started for Deadwood about twenty or twenty-five miles off.

I left Deadwood the next day, but got a late start

as I met several friends. I thought I would make Rochford anyhow and it did not make much difference to me whether I traveled by day or night. I had not gone far out of Deadwood when it started to storm. In fact a terrible blizzard was setting in. I thought I could get as far as the Bull Dog ranch, twelve or fifteen miles out.

After I traveled about an hour or so the blizzard got worse, and I remember letting my horse go ahead as I thought he could follow the road. The clearest road was a wood trail going up into the timber to the east of the main road. I saw I was off the main road as parts of this road were too steep, but I could see only ten feet or so ahead of me. I let the horse go and he got up to a dyke and stopped. I got off and peeked around to see how the country lay. There was a crevice in the dyke I should judge about five or six feet wide and the snow had built up over part of it and I started to go and look in there when I stepped right off. It being narrow, I was thrown from one side to the other, which checked my fall somewhat, but I must have fallen forty feet, anyhow. There was a pile of sand and loose stone where I lit and that also helped to break the fall. Anyway it knocked me senseless and that is the nearest dead I ever was, and how long I lay there I don't know, probably an hour or so.

When I came to I was nearly frozen, but I had on lots of clothes. There was some grunting around there for a while I'll tell you. Then it all came to me what happened. The blizzard was raging in great shape. I had to hunt around quite a piece before I could find a place where I could get up on the ridge. I came on back facing the storm and ran right into the horse standing there. Things looked pretty serious. I led the horse on down to a place where several tree tops had been blown together and as it was sheltered a little from the storm I decided to build a fire. Both my

hands were pretty well bunged up and I must have been half an hour lighting a match, but finally the pine needles started and made quite a blaze and warmed things up. By pulling the tops together once in a while I had a great fire. I remember I would freeze on one side and burn on the other, so it kept me spinning around pretty much all the time.

When daylight finally came the snow let up a little, about a foot had fallen. I led my horse up to a stump and then got on it myself. I was pretty sore and stiff, but the horse stood still and I managed to wiggle on him. I let him go down the wood road till I struck the main road to Rochford. About seven or eight o'clock I reached the Bull Dog ranch. Tim Coleman came out and said, "You are pretty early." I said, said, "You help me off this horse," and then told him what happened. He took me into the house and said he would take care of the horse. He had some of the right kind of medicine and I was not long in recuperating, as I had no bones broken. I had no trouble in getting back to the McMackin mine where I was staying at the time.



ST. ELMO PEAK

CHAPTER XVI.

LAME JOHNNY AND FLY SPECK BILLY DIE WITH THEIR
BOOTS ON

Jesse Girelle, who was then freighting from Sidney to the Hills, was visiting some of his relatives at the mine and told me that he had seen Lame Johnny hanging by the neck, on what is now Lame Johnny Creek. I don't think Lame Johnny was a road agent, but he undoubtedly associated with them. I think he was a natural born horse thief. He had been caught some place down in Nebraska and they were taking him up to Deadwood for trial. When the stage pulled into Buffalo Gap they stopped for supper. A posse went on ahead and when the stage came along to the Creek they took him out and hung him. Girelle said that another teamster, who was with him, stopped when they saw the man hanging and went over to take a look at him. He said, "Lame Johnny, that is just the fix I expected to find you in some day, and you've got your boots on, too. That job should have been done several years ago."

I remember going into Custer the day after they hung Fly Speck Billy. A man named Barnes, who had a freighting outfit, was coming up the road from Buffalo Gap when Fly Speck Billy showed up and wanted to borrow Barnes' six-shooter. He thought he would be safer if he had one. During the day he had several drinks around town and started in to get bad. I know he walked John Shaeffer up and down the street a couple of times with the six-shooter pointed at him, and finally went into the saloon where Barnes was playing billiards. Apparently Barnes was the only friend he had. He was feeding him, anyhow. He snapped the gun at Barnes once, but it didn't go off and no one paid any attention to him for they thought the gun was emp-

ty. The next time the gun did go off and killed Barnes. They arrested Fly Speck Billy, but as there was no jail in Custer they put him in a log cabin for the night. Later a band of men broke in and put a rope around his neck and started off for the hill across from where the depot now is. I heard he pleaded with them to let him take off his boots, as he did not want to die with them on. I was not there and don't know whether he did or not. I did not think much of him anyhow, as he was one of the parties who interviewed me one time.

We did not run the mine very regular for it took so long to get returns. It would be three or four weeks before we could get answers to letters so when we were shut down I put in my time prospecting. I made one location close to where Oreville is now, in the summer of '80 and built a cabin there. The railroad now runs within ten feet of where my fireplace was. I never thought we would have a railroad in the Hills at that time. They had made efforts to run the Penobscot Mill, about five or six miles from Custer, but failed. Also at the Grand Junction they were shutting down, and also at Four Mile they were not doing much. I think they were putting up a mill at the time on the Old Charlie Mine, Billy Olds' property, but in a general way there was not much doing and things were pretty hard for those that did not have much money. To make matters worse in the spring the Cheyenne river was high and the freighters could not cross. They were out of flour in Custer and had very little in Deadwood. Some people with families were pretty badly scared. I remember one man who was freighting, Charlie Sager, who was on the south side of the river with his outfit and couldn't cross. Henry Albien, Bill Krause and Charlie Sager had a store in Custer at the time. Albien and Krause went down to the river and Sager took a sack of flour under each arm and waded through the ice and loaded a spring wagon for them.

Judge Sprague's family were at the McMackin mine at the time and just about out of flour. The woman was pretty uneasy. I said I would go and see what I could do at Hill City. Went up to John Nisson's little store, but he said he had no flour. We talked quite a while and he kept his eye on a nugget that I wore on a pin in my tie. There was probably five or six pennyweights in it and he wanted to buy it. Told him the only thing that would take it was a sack of flour Finally he said, "I will take it. I have some flour at my house, but it is the last I have. Drive your horse out back so no one will see you and we will put it in a gunny sack and I will help you tie it on and you can get out without being seen." I did as he said, and left part of it at my cabin at Oreville and took the balance over to Mrs. Sprague. The kids were so happy they danced with glee.

Things continued to be hard and we only ran the mine by spells. They were working at the Grand Junction and made a failure of it. They had a twenty stamp mill up. George Kimball, a man who had considerable experience in mining and milling in Montana, was the first amalgamator in the De Smet mill in the spring of '77, and was a good all-around man, was talking with Charlie Crary, one of the owners of the Grand Junction. Crary told him if he thought he could make it pay he could take the ore and run it through if he wanted to.

As there was nothing doing Kamball came and wanted to know if I would go in with him and help sample the mine. I agreed and went right over and started in. The mine was pretty well developed at the time. They had a tunnel in, also ore shoots tapping the body of ore. So we went into this big chamber they made and started in on one wall. Took a good sample as we went. We pounded it up and panned it and worked all day. I found that the prospects were good

for about four feet next to the hanging wall and then there was a body of about eight feet, as near as I can remember of slabby ore out of which we could get nothing but iron, then for three or four feet on the foot wall the ore was good. So I told George that the slabby ore was what spoiled the whole thing and he agreed with me. I asked if he would go on with it and he said he would. McMackin had some teams up at the time and I had no trouble in getting anything he had.

We picked up a few boys here and there and started in. We took that good ore on the hanging wall and when we came to the slabby ore we fired it over the dump. It was not long till the mill started up. Kimball being a first-class amalgamator, it was not long before we knew everything was all right. One night he said, "Can you keep sending that kind of ore up?" I answered, "Sure, and after a while I will send you some better."

I put in all my time sampling. I made a ladder and went up to the top of the stope and found the higher up I took samples the better the prospect. But we had some good ore that we could get out easy at the bottom and made one run. It made a nice little retort, but it looked pretty white and it proved to be worth about fifteen dollars an ounce, as it carried quite a bit of silver

Kimball had a partner, Os Elliott, who was amalgamating on the opposite shift. Charlie Crary and Kimball went up to Central to dispose of the retort. The bankers handled it and it made quite an excitement up there. We figured what the expenses were and there was a little left for Charlie. When we started the next run I put in some upper shots and knocked down better ore. Finally I got up on top and started a shaft. I only had about twenty feet to break through so put in some big shots and broke through. The ore was oxidized and easy to get. A man could stand on top with a long pole and punch down the side and hundreds of

pounds would fall. We sorted out the white boulders to some extent and soon were paying fine. The next clean up was big. Meantime some party had been investigating and tried to bargain with Crary. That must be a great mine they thought, for it was paying good. It was reported around a lot of cowboys were running the mine, in fact a bunch of tenderfeet and were making it pay. One of our boys helped that story along when some one asked him what he was doing at the mine and he said, "I am hauling stones down to the mill." Anyone that talks that way won't make much of a reputation as a miner. That was the last run we made. Crary and his partners sold out. A man named Elliot took charge. He was supposed to be an expert. I fired myself and stayed fired.

I remember later on, after they had spent sixty or seventy thousand dollars putting up a new mill, I wanted to see a boy who was working in the mine. The superintendent took me in. When I came to the slabby ore, that was full of iron, I asked him what that stuff went. He said it was all alike, a low grade proposition. I knew then that he would make a failure, which he did. I mention this to show that ignorance is the cause of most of the failures made in mining. They spent a good many thousand dollars but never could make it pay. Bad management had something to do with it.

Judge Sprague and I were interested in a mica mine about six miles east of Custer on French Creek. I concluded I would go down there and open it up that fall and winter. I built a shoot and cabin and started in with the Sprague boys. After working about a month I saw that the mica was awful dark and that it was going to be hard to dispose of. In fact I was kind of sick of it, but missed a sale by talking too much.

A man named Haight came down with the intention of buying. We got dinner for him and while he

was inquiring about mica in the country I started in by telling that McMackin's was a whole lot the best proposition that had ever been found. It was before the days of the Lost Bonanza, the White Spar or the Climax. I told him that the windows in the shop at McMackin's were made of mica in place of glass, that I had put in some ten by twelve inches. That is hard to beat anywhere for clear mica. I told him what we shipped. In fact I got him excited about it and he said he would go and see McMackin and try to get an interest. By blowing up other people's property I lost a sale of my own. He bought a two third interest in McMackin's mine for sixteen thousand dollars and started in working it.

While I was on French Creek that winter, George Gundlack, who lived on a ranch about a half mile off, went down the creek a piece one day hunting deer. He went into a thicket where a mountain lioness with two cubs were eating on the carcass of a deer. The lioness jumped up on her hind legs, opened her mouth wide and scared Mr. Gundlack half to death. He started to back up and in so doing his gun went off accidentally. The bullet struck the lioness in the mouth and came out the top of her head, so that relieved him. He caught the two cubs and took them home. After skinning the lioness he had a nice hide. I measured it from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail and it went over eight and a half feet. He put the cubs in a box with slats over it and fed them milk and meat, but they would not touch anything and finally starved to death.

I was in Custer one day shortly after and was telling the story to a traveling man. He wanted to know if he could buy the hide. I told him to go down and see. He went and in interviewing Mr. Gundlack heard the story first-hand. He offered to buy the hide but Gundlack would not set a price on it. He took out a book and pencil and asked his name, age, how many

other wonderful things he did and said he was going to write him up. George thought he was going to appear in some magazine as a great hero. So when the fellow said, "I will give you fifty dollars for the hide, but can't pay till I get to Deadwood, as I will have money in the bank by then and I will come back this way and pay you and have you tell me some more yarns." George let him have it and that is the last he saw of him or the hide.

The next summer old man Haight did considerable work on the mica mine while McMackin was freighting, but could not make it pay. He was a very poor miner. He had run coal mines in Iowa, but did not know how to break this rock at all, which made matters that much worse. Then he would not let any one else do things right. In '82 there was considerable mica mining going on, especially at the Lost Bonanza, owned by a Chicago company, so I worked a little that fall for Haight. He finally shut down for the winter. He bought a gold prospect on Spring Creek, four or five miles from Oreville. He asked me if I would help him as he wanted someone who could sharpen his tools and work with him on the prospect. He had a little streak of ore, about seven or eight feet one way and about three feet thick in the middle that dipped right into the hill at an angle of about forty-five degrees. It was very rich so we worked in there for about a month and then ran right into a big body of white quartz and stopped prospecting. He concluded to go on the other side of the hill and run in a tunnel to tap the big body at a depth.

After we worked a while he would hold the drill with one hand and pour water with the other and never say 'mud'. As I kept the corners of the drill sharp it did not stick. I know I put down holes over a foot without mudding once. He kept that up right along. I was young at the time and could hit a drill good, but I

did my best to stick it. One morning I was not feeling any too well. I would go and work a while, while he washed the dishes. I figured that there was thirty-eight dollars coming to me and that was enough to winter on with what I had, so I thought if he does that again I will smash him. This was Friday. We would go to town Saturday and I could get my pay. He came and said, "Where will we put in the hole?" I pointed to a place where we would have something to break to. He was too contrary to say it was all right, but said, "We will put it over here." He started with his drill putting it on the rock and by the time he had it adjusted it was right where I wanted it. I thought to myself, "Mr. Haight, you had better look out." I started in and slammed as hard as I could. He poured water with one hand and turned the drill with the other till we got down about eight or nine inches. I didn't have the nerve to hit him with my eyes open, so I shut them and let the hammer go as hard as I could a little to one side of the drill. He doubled up like a jack knife and walked out of the tunnel. I followed him up and said, "It's a wonder I didn't hit you before, you'd never say 'mud.' you make a man strike till he is blind." He walked away and I finished the shift alone. After dinner he told me to get all the tools out for we would go to Custer the next day and wouldn't do anything for a while. I got my money and load of grub and went out to my cabin where I had a mica prospect near Oreville.

Brad Woods, who used to be on the police force at Central, and his partner, Bishop, were prospecting in the vicinity. They would come and look at my prospects, but never invite me over to where they were working.

One day I decided to go and look them up. I struck out over the mountain towards St. Elmo peak, for I knew they were working somewhere around there. It was only two and a half miles from where I was, but

the only roads were game trails. They would pack their grub in with horses. Well, I got on their trail and saw where they had been washing out dirt. They would load it in sacks and have the horses pack it down to the creek. In looking at the gravel I found several pieces which showed free gold, so I thought they must have it pretty rich.

I followed up the trail to where they were working. They were down on hands and knees, one picking at the root of a tree. He had about two feet of a face and rock was pretty well broken up. He would pick the rock and hand it to the other who would brush off the dirt. Of all the specimens a man ever saw, they had them. They had a couple of soap boxes full of them almost covered with coarse gold, the size of a pea and even larger. I figured they must have had over five hundred dollars in the boxes. They kept on working and I stood only a few feet behind them and they did not see me. Finally I said, "You are getting there." They looked at me and seemed to be about ready to faint for I scared them. I said, "I thought you fellows had something over here." I had some claims close by, and they said, "We were looking at your ground one day and came up here on the side hill and happened to strike this spot, which is awful rich, but we haven't found the ledge and thought it best not to take any chances by talking about it." They did not have their stakes up on their side and I told them, "You'd better put your stakes wherever you want them and I am going to stake mine, for there might be a good many people prowling around here as soon as it is found out." They showed me as far as they wanted so I put up my stakes.

CHAPTER XVII.

HEBERT MAKES A WATER WHEEL AND IS CALLED BEN-JAMIN FRANKLIN

I had a claim I called the Golden Center, which I afterwards located as the Matchless, and afterwards located the Clara Belle. One fellow said, "You must have a girl by that name." "No, when I wrote out the notice I was running short of names. I had a Kansas City Star on the table and saw the name, 'Clara Belle'. Some girl that wrote for the paper and I thought that would do for a name."

Woods and Bishop continued to work and there is no telling how much money they took out, but they did not feel like looking for the ledge. They had out quite a pile of rock, that was not so rich, and while talking with George Kimball and Os Elliott, they sold the St. Elmo. Kimball saw there was enough gold in sight to pay the price they asked.

There was a mill at the Junction they called the Brady Mill, ten stamps, and after fixing the roads a little they hauled the rock to that mill and ran it through, that is the rock Woods and Bishop took out. I think they got their money back and a little more. Kimball and Elliott started prospecting to find the ledge and Bill Jewett, who claimed to be one of the best miners in the United States at the time, told them he would find it for a third interest. They agreed and went to work. Woods and Bishop were gone by that time so they moved into their cabin, but Woods and Bishop gave me that cabin before they left.

Along towards the spring of '83 they struck a small stringer of ore from six to ten inches thick. I remember Bill Jewett saying it went a dollar a pound. Anyhow they pounded out enough gold to keep the grub up. George Kimball knew of a small mill at Galena that had

been run with a water wheel, so in describing it to me he asked if I thought I could rig it up. Told him I thought I could so he found he could get it for twelve hundred dollars or such a matter. I remember him telling me that he borrowed the money at the bank at three per cent a month, so they had to hurry up and put the mill up to pay it off. I agreed to help them put it up.

I thought I could build a water wheel. I had seen some pictures in a magazine and thought I could make one like it. They went and got the mill at Galena and brought it down on Sunday Gulch.

While they were gone I told them I would survey the ditch. So I took a sixteen foot board and trued it up with an old jack plane and then fastened a threshing machine level on top of it. I tacked a leg on each end of the board, about fourteen inches long and got it so it would reverse, then I tacked a quarter-inch sliver under one end and I was ready to survey. I started in with my long rig to where I wanted the water to come and went up the creek hugging the side hill for five or six hundred yards, driving pegs along under the legs. We would dig the ditch about fourteen inches below the top of the peg. We came to a beaver dam which was just in the right place and then started to dig the ditch.

They soon got back with the mill, as it was only a light affair, the stamps weighing only two hundred and fifty pounds. We started in and cut down a big tree and took a sixteen foot length, hewed on two sides. We had a pit dug and found heavy boulders and solid clay, so we bedded that big timber down and put the morter right in the center. They had brought the battery post and the pulley was on the cam shaft. I hewed out the other timbers for the balance of the building.

Finally it came to the wheel. I was to make a twelve foot wheel. We hauled the lumber from Custer and I made the wheel the best I could and then fasten-

ed on a shaft about eight inches square. We had an old mining war and cut the axles off and drove them in the end with a spindle, then I built a pulley about five feet in diameter in line with the other pulley. We had a copper plate and after I made the table we were ready to start.

There were several people on hand to see us start, including Cook and Rogers from the Grizzley Bear, Matt Daly and several others. Even Bill Jewett was with them, three or four rods away from the mill. All said it would not work, it could not run. George Kimball would look at me and I would look at him and we would say, "It must." But to tell the truth I was a little shaky, but the wheel was wide and the buckets deep and we had a good flow of water and thought it ought to run. However, to have a half dozen men prophesying failure was not very encouraging. So George and I put on the belt, and I went and let the water in. It would raise one stamp and then slip, then finally another and slip. We let it run that way for about five minutes so the croakers could enjoy themselves. But George understood it all right. If he had not I would have quit right there. We took off the belt and cut off two inches and put it on again. That time it did a little better, three or four stamps would raise all right and then slip. We let it run a while that way and felt we were improving. The belt was new and would stretch. The next time we took off two inches more and had considerable trouble getting it on. When it was pretty near on I put the water on and then pushed till we got it on all right. Then the way those little stamps worked made George and myself smile.

He put some quartz under the stamps and the little mill was singing fine. I know that I put my hands in my pockets to keep from shaking with Bill Jewett. "Benjamin Franklin," he said, "You are the stuff."

The little mill worked like a clock after that. Bill

Jewett told me that Cook had said he saw several of them little Jim Crow wheels and they never were a success. That is what made him think it wouldn't work. I was ready to go home then, but helped to make some shelter over the mill. They had good ore and it wasn't long till you could see the amalgam on the table. They were not long in paying off the twelve hundred dollars, for they were taking out a couple hundred dollars a day. I took possession of Woods and Bishop's cabin about then and prospected around the country. Going up Bear Creek I found those falls the squaw man told about. They were just as he described them, and he gave me such a good description that I knew the gold ledge must be close by. There was considerable quartz cropping out, but I never could find the kind of specimens the Indians had, or where they came from. My niece, Laura, named them the Silver Tip Falls and I thought that a good name. I don't suppose more than thirty people ever saw them, but those that did said it was about the most romantic spot they ever saw. They are situated about two miles from Oreville on Bear Creek, about a half mile from my Tremain mill. When the tourists come I hope one of them will find that gold mine, for it might be close by.

A party composed of Carter, his boy, Doc Dalton and Charley Roland were camped close to my cabin. About three hundred yards across they had struck it rich and were taking out any amount of fine specimens. They never said a word to me about it, but they could not find where the rich ore came from. They found a ledge close by but it did not prospect any. Carter was about ready to leave. That was about one of the wettest spring we ever had. Bridges were washed out and in fact even Deadwood came near washing away. There came a big snow and this party was living in a tent. Close by was a tree leading their way. So much snow had fallen and accumulated on the tree top that it came

down and the top brushed the tent. That seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back for old man Carter. He came over to the cabin that morning and I never heard such swearing and cussing in my time. I was told he sang in a choir in Deadwood and was supposed to be very religious, but losing the ledge and the tree falling caused him to break out. He and Doc Dalton went away and Roland and Mell Carter helped at the St. Elmo mill and mine. This prospect is close to the falls, but in their bunch of quartz the gold was fine. I located the ground afterwards and called it the Delusion, for the ledge never was found that produced those specimens. The ground now belongs to the Clara Belle Company. Shortly after that I became a millionaire for about ten days. Doc Dalton helped me do a little work on what is now the Matchless and we got out some very fine ore. I made some arrangements with him to do the work for an interest, but he did not stay and we never finished the bargain. So I started in alone. I struck about six inches of oxidized ledge matter and it was awful rich. I could take out up to a third of a pan and there was some fine free gold specimens in the rock. Well, I would take a dab of dirt and go down to the house and pan it and get about a dollar. I would say, "I wonder if I have it?" So I would go and get some more and get as much again. I would light my pipe, cock my heels up on the table and say, "If it stays like that any length of time I will have all the gold I want."

Next day I did a little work and panned out about an ounce and that evening built a few little castles. I know now they were in the air. Well, I took out about ten ounces and the rock turned to white quartz and the quartz and the prospect got down to about five or six dollar ore. I got down off my high horse without getting it at a greater depth, but there being so much water in the ground it drove me out. Having so many other

things on my hands there never was any more work done there.

Along about in July the water got lighter and as the St. Elmo people had most of their rich rock run through they shut down and the camp became deserted but for myself. I had struck some pretty good placer ground close by and was doing well. I did not work at that continually, though, but kept on prospecting.

That summer a man named Franklin and others while working on a mica prospect near Keystone encountered some very rich tin ore. They showed some of it to A. J. Simmons and he had it assayed and it proved very rich in tin. He bought in an interest, and it was later known as the Etta. Later on it was sold to some parties in New York and the tin business started in the Black Hills.

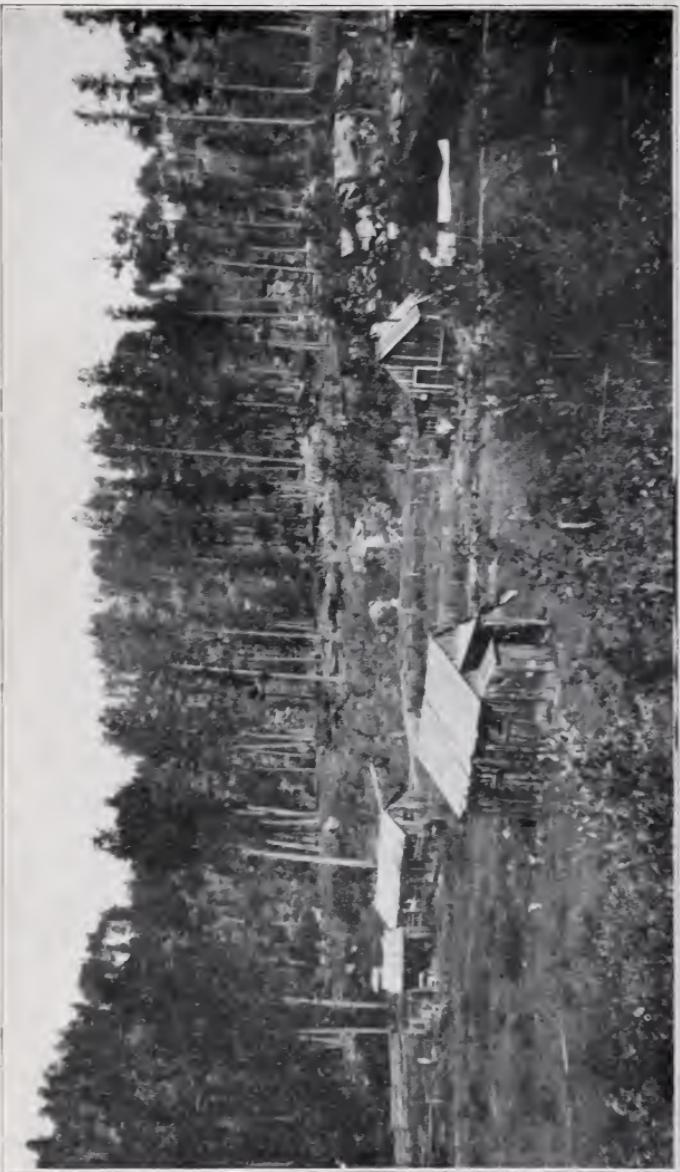
The funny business commenced right off. Bob Flormann located a couple of mines three or four miles from the Etta and got several samples of the Etta ore and went to New York, and on the strength of the samples sold his ground at Pine Camp and got fifteen thousand dollars on the first payment (He told me so himself) from James Wilson, who was afterwards the main promotor in the tin business. Wilson had the Pine Camp property investigated and never found any tin that I ever heard of. Flormann had the fifteen thousand, but never tried to get any more payments on the bargain. That seemed to wake Wilson up. He told someone, "I will get that back and a whole lot more, too."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ETTA TIN MINE STARTS BUSINESS FOR HARNEY PEAK
MINING COMPANY

They started to build a mill on the Etta, but it was quite a while before they got ready to run. I went over and posted myself all I could on the tin ores. Prof. Bailey was their expert and he showed me several samples of ore from other countries. I knew I had some in my placer ground. I started prospecting and located the Tin Queen. For several years there was quite an excitement over tin. Locations were made from Keystone on the east to Warren's Gulch, several miles on the other side of Custer, on the west. I seemed to be about in the center, but continued working on my placer.

There was any amount of game in the country. Three elks stayed around pretty close for two years. and there. He was a tall, well dressed, fine looking man, but big bear I used to see very often, especially in the evening. He got so that he was not afraid of me. There was a small tree about two rods from the door where I would throw my table scraps and he would come pretty regular for his lunch. It got noised around Custer that I was living right among the bears. About that time a young fellow came in on the stage to Custer and said he wanted to kill some big game. Some one told him to go over to my place and he would get all the big game he wanted. So Ben Runyon, who knew just how to find me, told him where to get off the stage, and then he would find the trail to my cabin. One morning he started out and came over. He found me all right. I was working my placer and he told me what he wanted. I sized him up and figured I would have some fun right there. He was a tall, well dressed, fine looking man, but seemed to be out of his element hunting bear. We went



CLARA BIELE CAMP

back to the cabin as I was glad to have company for a while and I put in the afternoon scaring him.

I told him that shortly before three men were hunting bear close to Lead and went into a thicket. As one was stepping over a log a big bear grabbed him and chewed up his face pretty well before the others could come to his assistance. They shot the bear and sold him at the butcher's in Deadwood. I told him a friend of mine was all crippled up after having encountered a bear a few miles from here, but said, "Maybe those people were not as brave as you are." I asked him if he had ever killed any. He said no, but that a friend of his had killed one in Colorado the fall before and he saw the hide. The fellow would not take five hundred dollars for it. He said he would like to get one as good. "You will get one all right," I said, "for you seem to have the nerve." I had him pretty well scared before bed time. I thought my bear would be around that night so I kept watch. I made it a point to go out once in a while and about eleven o'clock I saw the bear approaching the tree. It was not very dark. The bear saw me, but never made a move. I thought it was time to send my man out. I said, "Let's go to bed, it's getting late," and he went out. He was gone about a minute or so and came rushing in all out of breath. "Say," he said, "Is that a bear out there? It's the biggest animal I ever saw." I said, "Sure that is a bear, but that is no reason why you should get scared." I went over to the door and watched the bear go away. I made it a point to shut that door good and tight. I had a pin I used to put into the log, and kept on talking to myself. "I don't want that bear to come in here, for he tries to get in some times." Well, I had the fellow pretty nervous I can tell you.

The next morning after breakfast I said, "Now, you come with me and I will show you where to go." There was a park consisting of about thirty acres of

nice level ground and the grass grew very tall. The bear had wallowed off in it some place, but it was easy to follow a trail in the long grass, so I said, "You follow this trail and at the upper end you may see him asleep. Stand your ground and don't get excited. When he gets within a couple of rods of you give him a couple good shots in the head, that will finish him. I am going to work and I will come back as soon as I hear you shoot, so if anything happens you I will help you out." I went on a piece and hid behind a tree. When he thought I was out of sight he jumped the creek and started for Oreville. There was a fringe of brush between us and I could not see him, but at noon I went and tracked him and saw he was taking long steps for the stage and I suppose he concluded he did not want a bear. I heard of him when I went to Custer. He left the next day on the stage for Sidney.

I saw Ben Runyon and he said, "I saw that fellow who was out your way, and he said, 'That fellow, Herbert, is going to get taken in by some of those wild animals some day, for he told me there was mountain lions all around, and I got to see that bear and concluded that the caliber of my gun was not big enough to tackle him and did not want to take the chances.'"

"I will help you get that bear. You take a gallon of whiskey and some syrup and mix it up and put it in a dish where he can get it. I will come out with a party and bring a log chain and we will catch him and chain him to a tree." I tried the bear out with a little. He took it all right, but it was not my intention he should get it all before giving him the big dose. When they got ready to come out they brought more whiskey and staked their horses on the park in front of the house. I knew well enough that no bear would come up close to where the horses would snort, but let them run it. We fixed up a good dose for him, but there was so much singing and laughing in the cabin that we forgot about

the bear. We were up all night, but no one saw him. That evening they concluded they would drink the whiskey themselves and go home. All they wanted anyhow was one big drunk. The bear got the whiskey and syrup but I never saw any drunken bear around.

A few nights after that I heard the bear out around some tin cans I threw about a rod from the door. I heard the cans rattle. Had a miner's candlestick with my candle in it. I used to read after getting into bed and would stick this candle into a log. In the night I thought I would get up. I was about half asleep, and take a look at the bear. I opened the door and stuck my candle out and there he was right across the door. I missed him by a few inches with my sharp candle stick, but I am satisfied that if I had punched my candle a little lower I would have taken him in the ribs, and as they always strike back, he might have caught me and maybe bit my foot off. As it was I slammed the door, out went the candle, and I jumped back to bed and said to him, "Go to blazes."

There were some parties camped on Spring Creek, where Oreville now is, and I used to go down and spend the evening. Usually it would be eleven or twelve o'clock before I would leave. It would be pitch dark and most of the time when I needed my gun or lantern I would not have it. I did have a good stick though that I would move around so as to keep in the trail. I had a good big dog, but he had no use for mountain lions, for when he was a pup the lions tried to get him out of his house. Well this night about half way home, where the lions had a trail that crossed mine, where the spruce was very thick and it was dark as pitch, the dog, who was running just ahead of me, whined and hugged my leg pretty close. I would have to tell him, "Stop your pushing." I heard the brush cracking and on looking in the thicket saw a pair of eyes shining like balls of fire. I felt none too brave as I was afraid the

lion might make a lunge for the dog and I would be in the way. I always had an idea they were afraid of me, for if they had not been they would have got me long ago. I hear a lot about thrills now-a-days and I think I had several of them before I got home that night.

It makes me smile when I read about these parties that have dogs to hunt mountain lions. I heard that Theodore Roosevelt had a dog in Arizona that was a great mountain lion dog, that he used to tree them with. I don't like to take issue with Mr. Roosevelt, but a mountain lion, in this country at least, could no more climb a tree than could a dog. Cougers and panthers climb trees. These lions might jump up fifteen feet or so on a big limb, or climb a tree that is at an angle but to climb a straight tree—they can't do it. But it is wonderful the jumps they can make. One time my brother and I were fixing the flume close to the falls and his children came out to where we were working. The dog we had was pretty much the color of a lion. Before they got to where we were they thought they saw the dog close to a big dyke. They looked again and saw him jump, it must have been eighteen or twenty feet up on a shelf on the dyke. Then they knew it was not the dog. They came over and told us about it and we went back and saw where the lion had jumped up.

These mountain lions we had in this country would have a feast if a dog had nerve enough to follow them. I know of one case where there was a big Newfoundland dog and he would go out at night and bark at the lions. The mountain lions kept getting closer all the time and one night all they heard was a "ki ki", and the next morning saw where the lion had caught the dog. There was a little snow and the men trailed the lion up the steep hill that was close by and saw where he carried the dog, close to two thousand feet on the mountain side before he put it down. They followed on and saw where he started to devour the dog. While

there were mountain lions here we never heard a coyote howl, and they would hunt them like a cat does a mouse.

Even the bears were willing to give me half the road, for when I was working my placer and had to go about a quarter mile from my cabin I met one, it was at noon, too. I was walking along and got up pretty close before I saw him. He was a fine big Silver Tip. I know he turned out to give me half the road and that I turned out and was willing that he should have it all. I kept my eye on some small trees that I could climb if he started for me but he went right on about his business. I suppose I ought to have gotten a shot gun and lots of buck shot and went right after those bears, but they didn't belong to me and I didn't want any of them. As long as they let me alone I was willing to let them be.

I had been getting considerable stream tin in my placer and as I burned my own charcoal to sharpen my tools with I would pound up some tin and throw it in the fire while I was blacksmithing. I would get something like shot out of it, but did not know how to gather it. Later on I would pick up the shot and put it in a frying pan and cover it with grease and let it boil a while. I would shake the pan and get the tin all in one chunk. I used to give away pocket pieces to people and make rings sometimes. I know I gave Mrs. Bob Wood, of Custer, a tin ring. She valued it more than anything she received as a wedding present because it was Black Hills tin.

Quite a while after that I planned on smelting some tin on a larger scale. I got a piece of sheet iron and rounded it like a stove pipe and set it over a good fire on the forge. I made a good bed of coals, put in a good layer of tin, then more coal, some more tin and topped it off with more coal. Now my smelter was ready to start the blast. I kept it up about ten minutes then got a chair and peaked down the pipe. The char-

coal was burned out in one place so I took a gold pan full and started to pour it on top. There was an explosion. After a while I came to, lying next to the wall opposite the forge. I did not know how long I had been there, but I had hit my head pretty hard against the wall. I did not know of a soul for miles around, but I recovered from that all right, and cut out the smelting. However I picked up considerable tin shot afterwards. A year or so passed and there was not much doing. James Wilson was buying some tin property around Hill City and other places. During all those years I kept up my expenses by placer mining. I would sometimes haul the dirt down to Bear Creek and sluice it, or would rock it at the spring close to the diggings. In the winter I would go down the placer ground about a thousand feet or so, dig a pit ten or twelve feet deep and drift on the pay streak and take nothing but the best. I would take out some three or four flour sacks a day, pack it to the cabin and pan it in a tub. It would go from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half a sack. So you see I didn't have to work continuously nor very long before I got an ounce or two, which would buy quite a bill of grub. Then I would let things stand till I needed some more.

People used to think that someone put up for me, but they did not. My placer made it possible for me to stick it out. At first I used to pan my dirt right close to the hole. I used to fill the tub with snow and throw hot rocks in it. It would take considerable wood. One time I brought in a chunk with the roots hanging to it. I got it adjusted on my shoulder and could just about carry it. When I threw it down close to the hole, a root about half as big as my finger pierced my foot close to my toes. I had quite a time pulling that out, too. I will tell you. I started for my cabin and before I got there the blood was running out of the top of my shoe. I started in getting wood and water and must have mov-

ed around an hour or so getting things ready, for I did not know how long I would be laid up. I made myself a pair of crutches and then was ready to attend to my foot. I chewed up a big wad of tobacco and put the cud on the wound, then tore up my white shirt for bandages. I got along pretty well for three or four days and then my wood began to give out. I concluded I would start for Oreville to catch the stage. Just as I got to the road a team came along from Hill City and took me to Custer. I had my foot dressed by old Dr. Clemens, and as some of the Gundlacks were in from the ranch I went out with them and stayed a couple of weeks. My foot was well enough to walk on by the end of that time.

I had occasion to go down to Buffalo Gap soon after. The town was booming, as it was the terminal of the Northwestern Railroad. There were a good many hard cases there, and I remember being told the deputy marshal killed one just a few days before. I was acquainted with a man named Moore; people called him, "Water Right" Moore as he had some water rights around Central and the Northern Hills. His wife took a great interest in all kind of ore. She called me into her house one day and showed me a large crystal of tourmaline and another of casiterite. They were shaped a good deal alike and of about the same color. She said, "Mr. Hebert, I want you to tell me which is the tin, for I show them to a great many people and I can't tell which is which. I want to mark them." I told her that was not necessary for I could tell her how to distinguish them at a glance. She said, "Mr. Hebert, you ought not to make fun of me, I could not tell them in a month if I was told every day." I saw there was no use to argue with her so I said, "Give me the crystals and shut your eyes, I will tell you how to distinguish with your eyes closed." I handed her the crystals and asked, "Which is the heaviest? Why, this

one is four times as heavy as the other." I said, "That is the casiterite, the other is the tourmaline, now you think a person has to be pretty smart to tell the difference, but it is easy when you know." I saw her afterwards and she said she could tell them easy then.

There were some boys, or rather young men, who were in the habit of coming into town after they got a little drunk and then start shooting up the place. This would generally occur in the afternoon, about the time the children were coming from school and it made it dangerous for them to go home. As the business men were not composed of tenderfeet they concluded to put a stop to it. So one afternoon three of them were in and started to duplicate their little stunt. As they were riding out of town a posse that was prepared for them killed all three. That put a stop to that kind of performance for some time.

That fall there was considerable work being done around my camp, as several people had taken up locations and were doing their assessment work. Charlie Harbaugh wanted me for a partner in some ground and insisted that we locate a piece together, thinking that maybe I would make a deal with my other ground and put that in, too, and he would make something out of it. After doing a little work I had a chance to sell my interest to a Mr. Wilcox, so I sold. He came out to do some work on the ground and brought John Virtue to help him. Harbaugh would come out once in a while and work a day or so. They ran in an open cut on the side hill and struck a dyke that was partly decomposed and they had a face on it of about nine feet. Wilcox and Virtue went home on Saturday and Harbaugh came out Sunday.

CHAPTER XIX.

JUDGE ROMAN FAILS TO REPORT BUT GETS SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS

There was a place on Sunday Gulch where a small ledge and several boulders rich in tin was found. Harbaugh hauled about a hundred pounds over and salted the cut. He dug a trench across the face for about two feet and placed the ore in it and then caved a foot or so of rock on top of it. When Wilcox and Virtue came out to work Monday they got to this ore before noon. Wilcox brought down about twenty-five pounds to my cabin as they were stopping with me at the time. As quick as I saw it I knew it right off and figured what Harbaugh had been doing Sunday. Wilcox said they had struck it, and I let him talk on till after dinner. I was feeling pretty sorry for him, for there never was a finer old gentleman than he, honest himself, and never thought anyone would do such a dirty trick. I did not like the job of explaining matters, but was bound to protect him as I had received a couple hundred dollars for my interest.

I finally said, "Mr. Wilcox, Charlie Harbaugh salted you yesterday, and the chances are he wants to sell out to you." "Yes," he said, "he told me he would give me fifteen hundred dollars, or he would take the same for his interest." I told him I thought so and said, "Mr. Wilcox, there is no need for me to argue with you about this thing. I will go over with you now and show you how it was done. I will show you where the rock came from. I will show you that the ore is sun dried, and you haven't anything that looks like it around, only what was put there." So I went with him and showed and explained how it was done. As there had been enough work done for one season he did not have the heart to do much more that year. He did not buy Har-

baugh out, nor could he get him to make an offer for his interest.

I concluded I would run a ditch and flume to Bear Creek and put water on my placèr. I had surveyed it with my straight edge and landed up between the two falls. I had some parties up looking at it but they said it could not be done, the country was too rough. I concluded to start it anyhow. I thought if I could get water on the ground I would make pretty good money for several years. I got Mr. Gundlack interested, allowing him to furnish the lumber for an interest in the placer. We went at it and started at the diggings, headed for the falls hugging the side hills. When we came to rough pieces of ground we flumed and went on. As we got pretty close to the gorge there were places where we drilled holes in the granite and left the drills so that we could fasten timbers to put the boxes on. When we got to the gorge we put timbers across and finally landed in a good place to get the water. We did well the balance of that summer.

A few years afterwards it was pretty dry. A fire raged all around my flume and burned it up, putting an end to it. I kept on prospecting for a time and in the spring of '86 I located the Tin City mine at Oreville. That spring the railroad got as far as Buffalo Gap and I thought I would go down to Plattsmouth and see my friend, Fred Herman, who was then city treasurer. He could not do much for me, though. No one believed we had any tin in the Black Hills for the papers did not seem to think we had any. I remember a piece in the Omaha Bee saying they did not believe we had enough to make a tin plate.

I went up to Lincoln and while sitting in the lobby of the hotel one evening a man came in about half drunk and said, "Hello, come and take something, I haven't seen you for a long time." I said, "You must be mistaken. I am from the Black Hills." I talked Black

Hills quite a while and he went off. A man came up and asked if those specimens in the showcase belonged to me. I told him they did and that I was on my way back, for it was evident that I could not do anything with my prospects. He asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted forty thousand dollars for a half interest and that I would start developing. When it justified it I would use that money to finance my portion of the mill. He seemed to think that was not bad. He gave me his card and it turned out he was the treasurer of the State of Nebraska. I forget his name. He wanted to know if I was acquainted with Judge Roman, of Deadwood. Told him I heard of him and he said, "Do you think he is all right?" Told him I thought he was. He said, "Well, I will have him go and examine your property and have him report on it."

I started back and when I got to Custer it began to storm pretty hard for two or three weeks. I heard nothing from Judge Roman, but finally he came to Custer and inquired for me. As I was between there and Hill City and the weather was cold he never came out. Charlie Harbaugh met him and told him he had something just as good and they filled a barrel of what we call "bullrock" with tourmaline crystals sticking out in place of tin. They sent it in place of my ore and of course it was turned down. I afterwards heard that Judge Roman got sixty thousand dollars out of these parties in Lincoln and invested it in some ground on Bald Mountain. So I did not make much headway then trying to sell my property. Along about that time the St. Elmo people concluded to do some more work and as the water was light that year decided to put in a steam boiler. They threw out the water wheel and started up with steam. They brought a man from Deadwood to drive the team which was hauling ore. He had been with General Custer and Reno, when Custer was massacred. I don't intend to write a history of the In-

dian wars, but I never forgot what he said one evening. He was with the pack train and was a civilian. He thought it was understood between Custer and Reno, that Custer was to advance and was to circle around to kind of head off the Indians, but apparently they set a trap for him. A few Indians were menacing Reno's front and he never advanced. He said, "I am satisfied that if Reno had advanced, we could have saved Custer, but he never moved till it was too late." That man blamed Reno for the massacre.

They ran the little mill quite a while, but it was too small to pay on the kind of ore they had at the time.

The Indians were in the habit of coming up after tepee poles and camped all around me. Up at the head of Bear Creek is the best hunting ground around here, but there were no roads or trails up there and the brush was so thick I could hardly get through. So I told old Stinking Bear that I had lots of tepee poles up there and if he made a road through he could have them, as they were getting kind of scarce around here. I showed him where to cut the road. The next day he strung about fifty Indians and squaws along cutting brush and in a few days they had it so they could get the running gears of a wagon up there. It made me a good trail that I could use when I went hunting.

The Indians would come right into my house to bake their bread. I remember counting fifteen squaws at one time sitting around on the floor baking small batches of bread. They did not seem to need any pans, either. I made the bucks cut the wood for them.

One evening I passed War Bonnet's tepee and Mrs. War Bonnet was cooking a dog in a sheet iron pot. She said, "Shanka washtay" (good dog). I said, "It will kill you." She said, "No." The next morning War Bonnet came up to the house and wanted some bread, he said something like "Wiapa." The squaw was sick. I said, "I told her last night that dog would kill her." He

said "No dog make no one sick." I told him to go down to Wakapomanie" to get his bread, I could not feed a band of Indians. But nothing would do but I must go over and see the sick squaw. When I got there she was lying flat on her back with her feet about six inches from the blaze. I joked her about eating too much dog. Anyhow I told War Bonnet to come back and get the bread. I gave him half a loaf and she was up and around the next day.

I was talking to an Indian while he was peeling his poles. He had a crooked jaw and said he had been shot in the Custer fight. He motioned that for three "wees" (moons) and layed on his back, showing that he had been sick for three months. Then they brought him down to Wakapomanie and two fingers up and wee, then walked around, showing that he got well in two months. I asked him what he thought of Custer, "Washtay, big Chief." He seemed to like Custer.

One morning a squaw came over with some flour and a pan and stood by the stove. I thought I would make her talk and let her stand there a while. But I felt sorry for her after a bit and got her a spoon and showed her where the water was, gave her a bread pan and told her to go to it. She was well pleased. I asked, "Where is Lakota?" She said, "Slojer" and pointed in the direction of Fort Meade, in three weeks he was coming back to Wakapomanie. At the time the Government had quite a number of Indians they used on scouting duty. Apparently his time would be out in three months and she was getting the tepee poles for their home when he got back.

CHAPTER XX.

TENDERFOOT LADY LEARNS HOW TO WASH DISHES

That summer I did considerable prospecting on Sunday Gulch and around Harney Peak.

The strike that was made on Sunday Gulch was the cause of me coming near getting a broken leg. Fred Heideprim and old Otto and some others struck a short gulch, that leads into what is now known as Sunday Gulch and for about twelve hundred feet it was very rich. It was noised around Rockerville that there must be plenty of gold in that district. These days the prospectors used to go out on what we called a "stampede" and these generally occurred in the night. One of my friends said, "Let's go, I know about where it is and I think we can get there by morning, so get your horse." I had the horse picketed out. The country around was full of prospect holes and I had to go and fall in one of them. That put an end to my stampeding at the time. That one gulch was about all that was ever found that was any good.

So this particular time I was prospecting on the main fork of this Sunday Creek, north of where Sylvan Lake now is. The lake is at the head of the south fork, and is where they dammed up the gorge and made a lake of about forty or fifty acres.

The branch running north heads close to Harney Peak. I was in the habit of going any place, no matter how rough the country. I got to a place that sloped down to the gorge and took a notion to go down and take a peak in the gorge. Just then my foot slipped and I started to slide down. It was much steeper than I thought and I kept on going. I saw a knob sticking out and so guided myself for that with my hands and came astraddle of it. Of course I stopped there, and it was time I had for my legs were hanging over the cliff.

There was the gorge right below me. I could hear the water in the riffles, probably a hundred feet below. To make matters a little more interesting I thought the knob I was astradle of was loose.

Well, it makes my blood tingle yet when I think of it. I tried to back out, but the heels of my boots would slip on the rocks. I was hung up good and tight and could not get back. My boots were not very tight so started to wiggle them and finally got one loose, and by being careful twisted around and got it off. The knob I felt, was getting looser all the time. I finally got the other boot off and tied them together with my handkerchief and threw them around my neck. Then when I got my heels against a little knob in the granite I pushed myself up and got on my hands and knees. As my feet were holding good I gave that knob a kick and down it went in the gorge. I could walk up in my stocking feet and got out of there. That made me feel kind of tired, so I went and rested up the balance of the day.

I knew that if I ever landed in that gorge that even the coyotes wouldn't find me.

I was determined to look that country over pretty good around Harney Peak, so started out pretty early one morning and landed on top of the peak about noon. I had been there before in the spring of '77. At that time there was a big kettle there that undoubtedly was left by Custer's soldiers with their names and addresses on a paper in it. General Custer, M. G. Gilcuddy, and several other well known names were on it. But this particular time it was gone and another smaller can with about a hundred names in it was there. I went up to the tip top and found a big boulder weighing about two tons that felt loose. There was a pitch pine pole which no doubt had been used as a flag pole. I took that pole and used it as a pry and lever and in about a half hour's time I rolled the boulder off and it went crashing down the side. If I did not do very much I

knocked the top off the highest point east of the Rocky Mountains.

I found patches of mica here and there, but nothing that would make a mine. All the mines of any character are found away from the main uplift in the contact between the slates and granites. That summer A. D. Steward came down to see me and said he had parties that would put up any amount of money on a good prospect. I bonded him a piece of ground and he was to sink a shaft on it. He took a notion he wanted more ground.

A man named Jim Yerxie had some ground five or six miles up Spring Creek from Oreville. In fact it was the same ground where I smashed old man Haight over the arm with a hammer on the big white blow-out where I never could find a color. Still it was fine looking ore. After he had started operations with me he sent a man and woman named McDonald from Deadwood to run the boarding house. He told me he had bonded that ground from Yerxie and that it was the greatest thing he ever saw and didn't understand how such good ground could have been left idle so long. It was none of my business, but I knew better and told him that I was acquainted with the ground and that it was no good. He seemed to think I was knocking. I told him to go to it. He would come to his senses in time and he appeared offended. He said he had made eight or ten different assays and that the ore went six or eight dollars, and there was thousands of tons of it in sight. I knew then that something would happen and he would never finish his contract with me.

It was during this time that Frank McDonald and his wife were running the boarding house that I had three men working my ground. This McDonald family had been raised in Toronto, Canada, and apparently A. D. Steward came from there too, for they seemed to know one another pretty well. Their folks were wealthy, and

after they married they went to Denver and bought in lots of real estate. Hard times struck Denver and the taxes about ate them up, so they gathered what stuff they had and came to Deadwood and now were with me

I remember going into the kitchen after the first meal and saw Mrs. McDonald down on her knees, washing the dishes in a tub that was on the floor. As she washed them she put them on a bench. I said, "You never washed dishes much." She said, "Never washed any in my life before." Her fingers were full of rings and there were diamonds in her ears. She took everything as a joke and was laughing most of the time. She learned after a while how to handle the dishes.

A few nights after I thought I heard some one call and answered. Some times people would yell out asking about the road. I had my dog that was afraid of nothing but mountain lions, so I went in the house, got my gun but could see no one around. The dog was making quite a racket in the thicket. It was just about dark. I started for the place with a shot gun and as I passed under a spruce about twenty feet up saw a pair of eyes shining like fire. Stepped back and gave him a load of buck shot in the face. It turned out to be a big wild cat, so I took him over to the house and let him lay till morning.

That morning a couple of men came up the road looking for their mules. They were hauling logs at the saw mill at Oreville. The mules were missing. There was a young fellow with them from Minneapolis, a student in a school, and he admired that wild cat. He thought it was something wonderful, and when they found the mules and came back this young fellow was riding one. He kept talking wild cat and wanted to know what I would take for it. Told him he could have it for nothing. The mule was standing about half asleep with his ears flopped over. I took the cat and threw it across in front of the riders and told him to

take it home. Mrs. McDonald was looking through the window. When he urged the mule to start, it stuck up its ears and turned its head and sniffed, then saw the wild cat. I have seen bucking horses, but nothing that went so high as that mule, and he threw the boy and cat for what seemed ten feet in the air. I heard a yell in the house and that woman laughed so I thought she was having a fit. I never heard anyone laugh so hearty before. The boy was not hurt much, so he started off with his cat over his shoulder.

We had been working about three weeks when Steward got back. I thought he looked kind of worried. He had twenty men working on the Yerxie ground and they intended to put up a large mill. They were also working on the road and built a boarding house, for they thought they had all the ore they wanted in sight. That night he said, "I want you to come over with me tomorrow and give that mine a thorough test." I said, "Mr. Steward, I told you what you had once and I don't go to any mine with you tomorrow for the thing will be busted up in mighty short order and I will get the credit for it, for Yerxie knows that I have his property pretty well sized up." But the next morning he said, "Frank, you have got to help me out, if it is as you say, then the sooner I stop this expense the better, for if my parties find out that it is not any good they won't pay a cent." I said, "You have yourself to blame, and you ought to be made get out of it yourself." "Well," he said, "for goodness sake come and sample it and I will pay you well." I felt sorry for him and agreed to go.

I hitched up my rig and drove him over. Started in to take samples and told him, "There is a morter, go to it, I don't intend to pound any of that kind of rock, but will pan it for you." We worked most of the day and never got a color. I think I counted about twenty men at the dinner table. The boys all seemed happy and I thought they were a pretty good bunch, but knew

that was the last happy meal they would have around there.

I filled up a sack of ore and told him to send it to any good assayer and see what he could get out of it. By evening he seemed to realize I was right and that he was up against it and said, "I haven't got the nerve to lay them off without having the money to pay them, help me out if you can." I said, "You hike out to Custer, take your ore along and have it tested. You will see I am right, and I will go and lay the men off."

They all knew that Steward had a few men working on my ground and thought may be I had some authority. I drove by their camp about supper time and said, "Steward told me that he was uneasy about getting you the money for your pay day, and that he wanted me to tell you to lay off work till he made sure of it." Tom Wheeler, the foreman, was to take charge of the camp till Steward got back. I drove off and came home. He never got anything out of that ore, but he did get money to pay the men, so that busted that bubble before it got very big. But the party would not put up any more money for him, not even on my ground.

The McDonalds stayed quite a while longer. The Indians came up very often during the summer for tepee poles. A big party of them pulled in one day as McDonald and I were away. They used to camp close to the house on the south end of the park. Mrs. McDonald had never seen any Indians before and became alarmed.

A squaw walked into the house and sat down on the floor. She said, "Me Alice Mamma." It seemed she could say nothing but that. Mrs. McDonald did not know what she meant by it. The squaw wanted something to eat and asked where papa was. Mrs. McDonald understood what she meant and gave her something to eat. Then she went away.

Now about "Alice Mamma." She had been here

three or four times before and I knew her well. Alice was a girl she had with her, but was not along this time. She was probably away at school. The two of them used to come over to get something to eat and I would make Alice wash the dishes. Alice had a necklace made of dimes and she begged one from me to put in it. I suppose every one represented an admirer. She said she would have it put in the necklace when she got home. In fact she could talk English pretty well but did not like to. The old squaw had an idea that I liked Alice, in fact, she said I could have her. That is why she made herself so much at home.

She came back and was determined to wait till I came. When McDonald and I got back she jumped up, came and shook hands and seemed glad to see me. Another Indian had been there, in fact a rather fine looking one, she said. He seemed to be a kind of a policeman among his kind and wanted to buy some canned goods. She told him she could sell nothing but he would have to see me. She kept telling what a nice looking Indian he was. He came back again that evening, and I let him have a couple of cans of tomatoes and told him he would have to haul his own stuff in.

After "Alice Mamma" and the other Indian went away Mrs. McDonald said, "Ah, ha, you didn't tell me that you had a squaw on the reservation." I said, "I might have two or three for all you know." Then I made her talk about the nice looking Indian she had seen. The next morning she joshed me again about my squaw and I said to McDonald so that she could hear, "You will have to watch your wife from this on, for she is dead stuck on big buck Indian, you heard her tell how nice he looked." That seemed to plague her, for she did not talk "Alice Mamma" to me any more.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY AND DR. ANNA SHAW CONVERT HEBERT
TO EQUAL SUFFRAGE

Most of the Indians that came up were supposed to be on their good behavior, but some outlaws would come along with them. One of the renegade Indians went over to Louis Flormann's house at the Grizzly Bear mine when Mrs. Flormann was alone. She was pretty badly scared and gave him anything he asked for in the line of something to eat. He carried off all the bread she had. Flormann had a nice Prince Albert coat that belonged to his wedding suit and the Indian took that and put it on.

The next day he came over and tried to scare Mrs. McDonald, but she would not scare, for I told her not to act frightened or they would take anything they wanted. She did not seem to think there was any danger at all and when he began picking up things she made him put them down. Of course the Indian knew we were not very far off. He did not seem to have anything on but Flormann's coat and a narrow breach clout, leggings and moccasins and a belt with a couple of knives in it. Anyhow he wanted to wash his face. She gave him soap and water and he busied himself around for a while and finally went away. We met him as he was leaving.

Mrs. McDonald told us what a nice coat he had and seemed to have on the closest fitting underwear. McDonald and I saw him again that afternoon and looked to see if we could find any underclothes, but his legs were bare from his leggings to his brech clout. We joked her quite a bit about the fine underwear and made her laugh pretty near as hearty as when the boy went up in the air with the wild cat.

At that time the Harney Peak Company was buy-

ing tin claims in Custer County. They struck one mine they called the Flora, which showed up pretty good, a couple of miles east of town.

A friend of mine made some locations in the vicinity, but he did not know whether it was tin or not. He wanted me to come over and tell him as I was supposed to know a little something about tin. However what he had was tourmaline and I couldn't find any tin on his ground. That did not make any difference as the Harney Peak Company was buying that kind of ground. I shot a buzzard and pulled some of the nicest feathers and put some inside of the band of my hat. I thought it looked nice and we started back for Custer. I forgot to take the feathers out before we got into town.

Custer had quite a boom about that time and the lobby of the hotel was full of people. Frank Fields, a prospector from out my way, was quite a joker. Several people from the east were there and I noticed one nice looking young fellow sizing me up, and in talking to Fields asked, "Who is that?" Fields said, "Why, that is Sitting Bull." He said, "I thought he was an older man than that?" Fields said, "Well that is his oldest son, then." The young fellow came over where I was, walking around me a couple of times and went back to Fields with the remark, "You could hardly tell him from a white man." Fields said, "Sure thing, that is why he wears the feathers in his hat, to designate which tribe he belongs to." I never quite figured out who the joke was on.

They were doing considerable work on tin about eight miles west of Custer on Warren's Gulch. A man named Severs was superintendent of the works. They had built a mill and started to run some of the ore through. It was what we call a cyclone mill. It pulverized the ore as fine as flour and then ran it over a concentrator, but that did not save anything unless it was middling coarse. As they had no slime table they

did not get much of anything unless it was middling coarse. As they had no slime they did not get much of anything. Hibbard and Spencer of Chicago must have blown in sixty or seventy thousand dollars. It was a failure because they put a relative in charge, and he did not know anything about mining at all.

The only thing that I can vouch for is that he was a good judge of whiskey, for I had some of the finest I ever drank in his office. That is what they call trying to produce tin in the Black Hills. They had some very rich ore on top, but never developed it enough to know whether they had anything or not.

The Burlington Railroad was getting ready to run a line up through the Hills from Edgemont and it was rumored that the Harney Peak Company was going to give them the right of way from Custer to Hill City, which I understood they did. The Harney Peak Company was doing considerable developing and assessment work on property on brush land and side hills that did not have anything on, and also on some very good prospects, but it all looked alike on the map. Their map showed a district of about twenty-five miles from Keystone to Warren's Gulch. Even my ground looked as if it was owned by them and I had several scraps with Wilson about it.

It was reported they were going to build a large mill at Hill City and have the railroad run to Keystone with spurs to the Cow Boy and Gertie mines. I thought with plenty of capital they might make it win, although the price of tin was only eighteen cents a pound at the time.

In a talk I had with Wilson about then he said. "I don't intend to produce tin." I told him that if he didn't someone else would, but he said he didn't know about that. When the railroad got through they got their machinery and started in on the big mill.

Meantime several parties of experts came out to ex-

amine the tin ground. Philip Dodge & Co., sent a man out to examine the tin in the Hills. He wouldn't take a piece of tin ore, but would go to the dump and pick out some that did not show anything. If anyone handed him a good piece he would throw it away, so I knew then the tin interests of the Hills were to get a black eye. It was assayed in New York, and the report I saw showed that it went from one quarter to one-half per cent tin, with the statement that it was too low a grade to pay.

I forget just what year it was that the Republican Party held a state convention at Mitchell. I was elected a delegate from the western end of Pennington county. I remember we took the train from Rapid for Norfolk, Nebraska, from there to Sioux City, Iowa, then to Worthington, Minn., and back to Sioux Falls, S. D., and to Mitchell. It was quite a while before the Northwestern built their line from Pierre to Rapid.

I remember Sol Star was temporary chairman. The Taylor men captured me (their man was running for treasurer) and I could not get away from them. We went to their headquarters and had a talk with Taylor. I thought then I was a pretty good judge of human nature and made up my mind he was a good, honest man and intended to vote for him. The Black Hills delegation was invited over to Gov. Mellette's headquarters and he shook hands all around and asked how the people felt in regard to him in their district.

During the time we were talking the McKinley Bill and we expected to get a tariff of six or eight cents a pound on tin. I heard the legislature wanted to memorialize congress in regard to it and back our senator, Judge Moody, to get it through, but that Mellette had frowned on the idea.

When it came my turn to take his hand and make my little speech of how much we thought of him I surprised the whole bunch as I told him, "You would not

get a vote in our district, we got no use for you at all. You refused to help memorialize congress in regard to a tariff on tin and we are all trying to develop our mines so that we can compete with the Tin Trust, you are against it."

"Oh, my dear man," he said, "you are mistaken, you are misinformed. I am in favor of it." I said, "That is the report I heard."

I remember looking around and Judge Gardner seemed to be tickled, but it looked as if the balance of them were going to eat me up. They thought better of it as no one said anything afterwards.

We elected Taylor for treasurer and Gamble for Congress. Our delegates did not vote as a unit either. I voted for whoever I chose.

The women were out in full force. Susan B. Anthony, Doctor Anna Shaw, and several other noted characters were talking suffrage, and I thought then that if all the women knew as much about voting as they did it would be a nice thing to have them vote. After Dr. Shaw made her little talk she said, "I intend to vote before very long if I have to go to Wyoming to do it."

After Taylor took office he proved to be an easy mark. I understood that he loaned state funds to his politician friends and defaulted to the tune of eighty thousand dollars. Whether he made good or not, I don't know. I know he went to the penitentiary.

The Wounded Knee trouble started about that time east of the Hills and the settlers had occasion to be scared. They were sending posses out of Rapid to protect them and the Governor sent one hundred guns to Custer to help out. I did not think there was any danger of them coming right into the hills.

One day I had occasion to look at a prospect seven or eight miles off and then went into Custer. Tom Garlock met me and said, "Did you have any trouble with the Indians?" Told him I saw no Indians. "Well," he

said, "There is a band of them over to your place now." He said a couple of boys came to my place and saw some horses in the park and concluded they belonged to the Indians. On the way to Custer they passed by the Tenderfoot tin mine where the Harney Peak Company was working and scared the women folks so that they went into Custer as soon as they could. I told Garlock I was on my way home then. When I got there I couldn't find any Indians, but saw tracks of horses. I never found out if there was anyone with them or not. It only shows how the people were scared about the Indians.

I had trouble in keeping cats to protect me from the chipmunks, for the wild cats would tear them to pieces. Once I found the head of one of my cats on the porch, the tail in another place and the legs scattered around. The housecats would run up a tree sometimes and get away from the wild ones, and I had an eighteen foot board that I used to get them down again.

I had a good house by that time. Built it when I ran the flume, so I cut a hole in the door that led out from the bed room so the cats could use it. They would jump in pretty lively some nights when the wild cats were after them.

One night I was in the dining room leaning up against the table facing the bedroom door where my gun was hanging on the wall. Here came the cats on a run through the bed room and up on the table beside me, their backs bowed and meowing. I looked in the bedroom and there was a wild cat. He was not the bobtailed kind, but much larger. I yelled at him to get out, but he would not. I got up and started for the door to get the gun and started for him. I walked three or four steps and was not more than six feet from him, and still he would not go. I felt as if something must be done so went at him intending to give him a kick. I did not miss him more than an inch, either. He walked

towards the hole in the door and before I could get the gun he was out. I went and looked around for him in the dark, but could not see any signs anywhere.

I made the hole in the door a little smaller and thought I could keep them out that way. That worked pretty well for a while.

I had a tom cat and very often he would sleep on the foot of the bed. One night I heard him meowing and spitting, so I lit my candle as quick as I could and saw a skunk in the middle of the floor. Just then the cat jumped down and I expected to see some fire works. The cat bluffed the skunk so that he started for the hole, just as he got his head through the cat jumped for him. Strange as it may seem the skunk did not defend himself in the usual way, for there was no odor around. I was pretty glad of it, too. Then I concluded to board up that hole even if I did lose the other cats.

That fall there was considerable hunting going on and a couple of hunters stopped with me. This morning there was about two inches of snow on the ground and these young fellows went out. I had to keep my dog in the house, for if he got out he would drive the deer away.

They had been gone about an hour when I heard a shot up the hill and as I looked out the dog got away. In about a half hour I looked out back of the house and saw a buck deer coming with the dog after him. I had a gate that was considerably higher than the fence but the deer jumped over it. As he jumped the dog caught him by the ham. He had been shot there and was on the fight. So the dog and deer went at it. The hunters had my gun and I had nothing to shoot with. They fought around in a circle for quite a while and I finally got the ax. When the deer saw me coming he jumped into the garden. I pulled a picket off so the dog could go through the fence. They kept fighting till the deer jumped out with the dog after him. He seemed to be

getting away gradually. I would go up with my ax and he would snort and strike at me as vicious as he could. I yelled to the dog, "How do you expect me to hit him if you don't hold him?" About then he got the deer by the ear and hung on. I ran right past and hit the buck pretty hard. I saw I had him stunned so hurried back and downed him. I then had to make the dog let go. The deer had cut pretty near all the hair from that dog's shoulders and neck but he was not hurt very bad.

Along towards evening the hunters finally got on to the trail. Saw the dog was after the deer and also saw some blood. They came up to the house and undertook to tell me about trailing the deer. I said, "I have him hanging up" and showed them. And we had venison for supper.

CHAPTER XXII.

HARNEY PEAK COMPANY SPENT MILLIONS AND PRODUCED
—SUCKERS

The Harney Peak Company was doing considerable work and a large party of Englishmen was here. I think one of them was Captain Thomas, a man who managed mines in Cornwall, and Prof. Vincent, supposed to be the greatest tin expert in the world, and others. People said Prof. Vincent was representing the English government. I became pretty well acquainted with him.

One time he was passing with Wilson and a party and stopped in to see me. He told me that he had been to every producing tin mine in the world and outside of the Island of Banka, which the French controlled and what tin the Germans took out, that the English tin trust controlled the balance and that most of the tin came from the Straight Settlement. There was a big, long range of mountains there and it seemed as if all the streams leading away contained tin, and also some tungsten. However, as the English had concessions, they controlled all the tin produced there. The work was done with coolie labor and they would set up long lines of sluices and shovel the gravel in the boxes. At that time the coolies were getting about twelve cents a day and by scattering a few white men among them, they produced large amounts of tin. While they had some smelters there, most of the stream tin went to Swanze, Wales, to be smelted into block tin.

I asked him in regard to the ore veins and he said the ledges were very small and ran in a very hard formation and it would be very expensive to get the ore, as the Chinese did not amount to much where there was any machinery and as the white men did not like the country, it was hard to get them to stay any length of time. The

chances for mining ore would not be near as good as they were here.

In Australia they have some very good tin mines. At Hobart, Tasmania, there is quite a large settlement and the mines are the main industry. That mine at Hobart is the best single mine that he ever saw, but as it pitched under the sea he said they were liable to get drowned out most any time.

At Borneo there are several good properties. One of them just exactly like the Tin City, just about the same kind of ore.

It seemed that Wilson and his party did not like Prof. Vincent to talk with me so much, so he came into the house and told him to get what he wanted and they would go. I had a nice columbite crystal that weighed about a pound. He wanted that and about a half ounce of coarse gold I had. He said to Wilson, "Pay for this." Wilson drew out a roll of bills and said, "How much do you want?" I told him I was not selling anything, but as the gold was worth so much cash and the lowest bill I saw was a twenty so I took that, but I should have taken the whole roll, as he was scattering money like water at the time.

I seemed to have interested Prof. Vincent and he said he was coming back to see me soon. I found afterwards that he and Wilson quarreled in regard to taking over my ground. Wilson thought he could get it any time he wanted it, but I intended to fool the gentleman. All I asked was for him to go and attend to his own business. While he was making a clean up I thought I would get a hold of a little myself.

This party of English experts stayed here quite a while. Prof. Vincent came on ahead of them one day to have a talk with me. He said, "This tin that you smelted out is pretty smooth and soft, how do you do it?"

I told him, "I smelt it out of stream tin and pick

out the three-corner or irregular pieces, and discard the flat crystal or those anyways shiney. Then I crush the casiterite as fine as I can. The flat crystals I think are columbite or tungsten and they interfere with the smelting. I think that is the stuff the Welshmen call wolfram and I understand that when they get too much of that mixed with the tin it does not flow good and makes it too hard. I take my casiterite and mix it with about the same amount of cyanide of potassium. Put it on the forge and boil it about fifteen or twenty minutes. Then I take a wire and put it down in the crucible and if the tin has let go, why I get some on the wire. If it looks too stiff I put in some more cyanide and then pour it out, and that is all there is to it."

He said, "I guess you are right. Now then how do you account for the occurrence of tin in the southern hills?"

"When the formation has not been distributed it lays flat. This Harney Range here, which runs east and west, belongs very deep in the earth, and there it is sticking up several thousand feet in the air. A formation that was on top of that range was broken up and probably a part of it is in the Gulf of Mexico by this time and in the contract between the granites and slates these tin veins had a chance to come up. All the dykes do not carry tin. These big dykes are part of the range. The slates all tilt away from the range. I call it contact for two or three miles from the main body of granite. The tin veins are liable to occur anywhere in that distance. Also gold, tungsten, mica, lithia ores and graphite."

I was telling this with the expectation of being called down for I knew I was talking to one of the best geologists and thought I might learn something from him. But he said, "It is all right as far as I know. It is not a bad theory." About then Wilson and the party drove

over and we all went to take a look at the Tin Queen. Wilson told me that we would make a deal after a bit but I did not care whether we would or not. A man named Sayers, deputy treasurer of Custer County, had word that a party in Cleveland, Ohio, could handle some tin ground. He sent me word to bring him some samples. We sent them to Cleveland and they were very satisfactory and it looked as if I was going to make a deal, for the Harney Peak Company was very active about this time. So after I sent more samples they sent for me to come. When I got there I found that the party who was trying to make this deal was a Mr. Quigley, a promotor, and Congressman Forans. Mr. Forans was interested in tin because he had a brother who had some tin ground and wanted to help him out.

The intentions were to get Mr. Conger, president of two tin plate mills, to go in with them. In order to reach Mr. Conger I think it was necessary for U. S. Senator Paine to introduce them. Quigley told me that in talking with Mr. Conger he said, "You ought to use American tin and we have some very good property and want you to come in with us." Conger told him "I am an American and I make American tin plate and will use American tin in preference to any other, but I haven't got the time to work up the mine. If you people want to get things started I will help you out. How much do you want?" "I think about five hundred thousand dollars would be about right for you." "Well, as I don't want to have anything to do with the management of the mine, you can draw on me for three hundred and fifty thousand and give me what interest you see fit."

So they came away with that understanding. They told me they had things looking pretty good, but I remember people were becoming rather suspicious of the Harney Peak Company. Messrs. Quigley and Forans

gave a dinner at the Irish American Club and all the interested parties were supposed to be there.

The Harney Peak Company ran a mill on the Etta Mine and made a failure of it. At the dinner I was sitting to the right of Congressman Forans and a man at the other end of the table said, "Mr. Hebert, I admire your pluck, you come here and say that for a few hundred thousand dollars you can put tin on the market. The Harney Peak Company that has spent millions has never produced a pound yet that I know of." I could not stand that so got up and stopped the gentleman and said, "I have nothing to take back on what I said, and with a hundred thousand dollars I can put tin on the market. I can put a small mill on the dump of one of my mines and produce tin. You say the Harney Peak spent millions and never produced any. They never tried to produce any. They produced everything they tried to, and that was suckers. They raised the money and that was all they wanted." He said, "As far as I am concerned, I believe you are right, but it will be pretty hard to raise any money on your proposition if the Harney Peak Company don't produce any."

The party was very friendly to me and the next day I bonded my ground to Quigley and Forans for a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. I told them they should bond other property around Oreville and that they should have a permanent camp. There was one of the best creeks in the Hills running through there, a railroad, plenty of timber on the ground and it was an ideal place to produce tin. They fixed up the papers for the other ground. I was to have the other prospectors bond their ground to them as I knew the price they wanted for it.

Quigley said, "You go back and attend to this matter and we will go ahead with the deal and in thirty days we will dig up fifty thousand dollars and sixty days after we will pay the balance." Before I left I

told him that he would have trouble making the deal for I heard it was the intentions of the Harney Peak Company to furnish all the tin plate mills of the United States. That they were working with the Rockefeller interests intending to furnish the tin that went into all their mills.

I know it was nothing but a play, though, that the Harney Peak promoters were making. Quigley said "Don't be afraid, I have got the bull by the horns and will turn him." "Well," I said, "something is liable to occur that you may change your mind." "No danger," he said.

So I came on and had the other ground bonded to them. I had a deal on now and it wasn't with the Harney Peak Company either.

A Mr. Wicker was general manager for the Harney Peak Company at the time and he had a friend by the name of Downes. This Downes picked up ten or fifteen claims, principally side hills and brush land. Wicker was to help him turn them over to the Company. They hatched up a plot to get our ground and pool it with theirs and then turn everything over to the Company. Downes undertook to question me after I bonded the ground. I saw that he was working with the Harney Peak officials and turned him down pretty hard. He kept nosing around till he found who I had dealt with.

One day he dropped into Quigley's office in Cleveland and said, "I understand that you have some property in the Black Hills." Quigley told him he had. "Well, I would like to make a deal with you and get your ground to go with ours. We will turn it all over to the Harney Peak Company and you can set your own price on it." Quigley said. "Who is to turn it over?" Downes said, "Mr. Wicker" Quigley, "Mr. Wicker who was superintendent on the Northwestern at one time?" "Yes, I know him, we worked for the same

people." "Well," Downes said, "You write to him and he will O. K. everything I say."

Quigley fell right into the trap with his eyes open and lost one good deal he could have made, and made a failure of the other. He finally wrote and told me he was holding the deal back, but that he would give me an additional ten thousand and we would turn it all over to the Harney Peak Company as there was a large party coming over from England to look at the ground. It made me so mad that I could not eat anything all day. I had no way to defend myself and I did not have the money to spend running back and forth to Cleveland just to talk to a man. So I had to let things go just as they were.

Mr. Wilson was taking up options he had on ground and to show how he served Jimmie Driscoll, who had three or four claims (that were the right kind for Wilson) which he bonded for about fifteen thousand dollars. Driscoll went to get his money and Wilson said, "I will give you five thousand, that is enough." Driscoll said, "I don't think I will take it." Wilson said, "Driscoll, I don't give a damn whether you do or not." "Well," Driscoll said, "Mr. Wilson, I will take it." "Well then, just sign these papers." And that is the way a good many of the claims were bought.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. WILSON WENT TO ENGLAND AND MET AUTHORITIES
AND DEATH

Things dragged along for quite a while. Wilson was having some trouble landing the deal. There was a Mr. Baringould here who was acting secretary for the company and who was a brother to the one who invested five hundred thousand dollars. I became well acquainted with him. We had many a long talk about the Harney Peak Company. There were some English representatives here at the time and Mr. Samuel Untermeyer came out with Mr. Wilson. They were around a week or ten days. I undoubtedly get the dates mixed for I kept no diary, but Mr. Untermeyer landed the deal that Wilson couldn't and I understood got a million dollars for doing it.

There was plenty of money in the country and the Harney Peak Company was doing assessment work on hundreds of claims and a man who could not make ten dollars a day was no good. Through Mr. Baringould I got a contract close by and so had my brother come out from Illinois with his family, thinking that I would make a deal soon myself.

The big mill was getting ready to run at Hill City and I extended my option to the Cleveland people, thinking they might land a deal. Mr. Quigley came out to see me and was well satisfied with the ground. I told him the mistake he made was in having anything to do with the Harney Peak outfit and said, "I told you what would happen. You said you had the bull by the horns and that bull threw you right into a trap." Why didn't you write more," he said, "and explain matters to me." I said, "I could not do it without calling you some pretty hard names." He said, "I deserved to be called hard names, but I felt Mr. Wicker was a friend

of mine and thought there would be no trouble in landing the deal." I told him that by the time the Harney Peak Company understood about the kind of mining ground they had they would not buy any more. "Well," he said, "the people in Cleveland were watching to see what the tin mill at Hill City would do before they would invest any money."

He said he would go back and see what he could do to get the deal through but as Mr. Untermeyer had landed the deal, the Harney Peak promoters had all they wanted. I understand they only sold about two-fifths of their holdings but the price was so high that two-fifths made a large amount of money.

Now for instance: George Coates told me about what money he got out of the Company. He had a group of mines consisting of the Mohawk, the Coates and in fact about seven or eight claims all told. He and his partners got about thirty five thousand dollars out of it and that ground was put into the company at the rate of a million and a quarter. Of that the company got about five hundred thousand dollars out of it for their two-fifths.

It left them a pretty nice sum and the other deals were on the same scale I suppose. I understood they had in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred claims. It certainly made a fine large map.

Shortly after that the English party consisting of Lord Thurlow, Mr. Baringould, and others that I can't recall left for home. On the way they stopped at Montreal. Someone sent me a newspaper from there telling about interviewing Lord Thurlow. The reporter asked him: "I understand you have bought some valuable tin ground in the Black Hills?" He said, "I did not invest very much. I took five hundred thousand dollars worth, Mr. Baringould the same." (It mentioned several others whom I forgot) The reporter continued. "What do you think about the tariff that the McKinley bill

calls for on tin." He said, "That is all right, it don't make any difference to us how much tariff they put on tin. Outside of what little Germany and France produce we are interested in all the tin mines in the world, that are now working. If we produce tin in the Black Hills we can sell that in the United States."

I was always under the impression that Prof. Vincent sent me that paper, as he made the remark he would be glad to help me. The Harney Peak Company finally started the big mill. They ran it off and on for a couple of weeks adjusting the machinery, etc., and ran the last two days at full capacity, supposed to be two hundred and fifty tons a day. Then shut down. Frazier & Chalmers, the builders, turned it over to the company and the jig was up.

Mr. Wilson was not satisfied yet, he wanted to make another clean-up. There were three hundred claims over in Custer County he had under bond. One claim called the Flora showed some good ore. I remember seeing them ship several wagon loads of that ore. I suppose it was going to England. Prof. Bailey made a report on the ground and it was noised around he got twenty-five thousand dollars for it. The report was that the ores on these claims averaged three percent. I supposed the ore they shipped was that good and that he was unloading that batch of claims, also making the deal himself.

Mr. Baringould and I had several talks about that deal. One night at the Kleeman House in Custer we sat up and talked till morning. I said, "How does it come that your brother got mixed up in this company?" He said, "they wanted him to go in with all the other tin men." I remarked, "He stands a chance to lose \$500,-000 don't he?" "I don't think he does, for I think he has a guarantee that he won't for the money that he puts in belongs to some heirs. My brother is what we call a barrister in England and has charge of several large

estates. He makes investments for the heirs. If he does lose out it will be his own fault for I kept him posted. The Baringoulds are an old family and have lost large sums of money several times," and as he looked me in the eye he said, "but they have never lost their good name."

He told me he had written his brother and told him what kind of ground Wilson now had, and that that gentleman would get his foot in it this time. Apparently he got six hundred thousand dollars down before these people knew they were being bilked.

It was reported that Professor Bailey was on his way to South America. Twenty-five thousand is a pretty good stake.

Mr. Wilson, as smart as he was, stepped right into a trap. Baringould told me they had sent for him to come to England, that he was asking too much money for the ground, but if he came over they would make some satisfactory settlement. They would develop the ground and finish paying for it. Before Wilson left he came over and saw me and said, "I will take your ground. I believe I should have taken it before, but you seemed to want your own way too much. When I come back I will give you a hundred and twenty five thousand. You can turn over everything you have to me." At that time it took in the Clara Belle mine, but it was not showing up much, then. I told him I would take it and wished him good luck. He had been so successful with his big deal I thought he might make the other one.

When he got to England the authorities nabbed him as soon as he stepped off the boat. That is what Baringould told me. Apparently in England they don't fool much with that kind of people when they get the goods on them. The last deal was an out and out steal, and Baringould supplied them with the facts. I helped a little myself taking samples. They put him

under a six hundred thousand dollar bond and appointed a deputy to stay with him all the time.

I caught a mountain rat one time in a box. Next morning I looked in and found him dead. Not a scratch on him. Plenty of air in the box but he died. Mr. Wilson with all his cunning was caught and he died in a week. I think the grief of being caught was what killed him. So my deal fell through.

The thanks that my friend Baringould got was that he had better attend to his own business and not interfere with the company at all. I think if Mr. Wilson had lived he might have got a smaller plant in operation and showed that we had tin in paying quantities, but with tin at only eighteen or twenty cents a pound it would be a hard matter to make pay.

Shortly after Wilson's death they pulled the pumps out of the mines. A Mr. Ladoux of New York was appointed receiver and custodian was appointed to guard the property. The Harney Peak Company was supposed to be dead. There was never a word of complaint that I ever heard by the stockholders. I never heard of anyone losing a cent on the stock, but I account for it this way:

As Lord Thorlow said, they were interested in all the tin mines in the world, and that five hundred thousand was only a little bit he had invested. What was the matter with raising the price of tin a couple of cents a pound? I was watching the tin market pretty close at the time and noticed it raised about four cents a pound. I made the remark then, "That they will get their money back, what they spent on Harney Peak and a little more."

No one that I know of suffered from their operations but people like myself, that were doing their best to make something out of tin. Of course it gave the Black Hills tin such a black eye that it has never recovered. After the price of tin got to be about thirty

cents a pound I tried to get some parties interested. After Harney Peak quit, Quigley and his parties could not get anyone to put up any money so there was nothing doing here and no way to make a dollar. My brother and his family went back to Illinois in order to send their children to school. I stayed to fight the battle alone. It was pretty lonesome for a year or so, too.

Jeff McDermott, one of my neighbors, was planning on going to Alaska and came over to see me before he left. I was telling about Hayward and his gold mine in Mexico. He said he had a queer experience in Mexico, too. Some parties said they knew of a rich section of country where there was a nice big gulch, and it must be rich. Off a couple of miles there was water and by installing a pump they could bring the water to the gulch. They organized a company and McDermott went down to take charge. The little short side gulches prospected good and it looked as if the main gulch would be very rich. He generally surveyed his ditches with a triangle so he was getting ready to dig. They started a drain ditch to tap the diggings. After working a month or so they were getting pretty close to bed rock when they encountered old timbers. They went up on top and sunk shafts and explored and found more timbers.

The fact was that it had all been worked out. It is what is called coyote mining. They would sink a hole and follow the pay streak as far as they could, then go and sink another hole and drift back to the old one and take nothing but the pay streak. They did not leave much evidence of their work and it probably had been done a hundred years before. Heavy rains at times or a cloud burst filled up the holes and the brush grew over them. Jeff said those that worked it undoubtedly knew how to follow the pay streak. So that company came to an end right there. Not being able to make any tin deals I turned my attention altogether to my gold

properties on the Clara Belle and The Matchless. The St. Elmo had changed hands. A Mr. Marsh, of Omaha, had taken a bond on it and started to build a new ten stamp mill so that revived things around the camp a little. Still times around the southern hills were pretty hard.

I remember one young fellow who came out from Chicago to make a start of some kind here. He thought he could get a good ranch, but the good ranches were all taken long ago. Soon he ran out of funds and did not have enough to go home on, so he got in with a couple of other boys and took a job cutting wood. They made camp in a little shack not far away. It went pretty hard with this boy, as he had been a bookkeeper and could not get anything in his line here. He was gritty enough and started in cutting wood with these other fellows. They cut for a couple of weeks and the other two went into town, drew all the money and skipped, leaving him with nothing.

He went over to the St. Elmo mine and got a job driving the horse on the whim, taking the ore out of the mine. I was well acquainted with him and he would come over to see me nearly every day. The mine was close to my house. That boy got awful homesick. He was getting a dollar and a quarter a day and his board. I remember he came over and said, "Fifteen more days and I will have enough money to go home." In a couple of days it would be "thirteen more days," and in fact he counted the days when he would get his money. It became a by-word around my place, "Four more days, two more days," and so on.

At the time he was driving the horse on the night shift. The men would all be in the mine and he would be on top in the whim house all alone. He admitted he was nervous all the time. One night about eleven o'clock he looked out the door and saw a man standing there. Took a good look at him he said, and went and dumped

his car. Then let it down the incline to the mine. The man still stood there. He concluded he would go and talk with him. As he started forward the man disappeared. He went out to see if he could find him but got no answer to his "Hello."

When the men came out of the mine at midnight to eat their lunch he started in to tell about the man. I think it was Lint Palmer running the mine at the time, but can't remember now. That man, whoever he was, said, "Was he a tall man, kind of sandy complexion?" "Yes." "Did he have a Roman nose?" "I think he did." "Did he have tobacco juice on his chin?" "Well, I don't know but he did a lot of spitting." "Oh, well, that was Bill Jewett." "Who is Bill Jewett?" "He was a third owner in this mine at one time." "Where does he live now?" "Oh, I don't know. He has been dead four years that I know of." The boy said they had the laugh on him, but it made him pretty nervous the rest of the night. Finally he came over and said, "One more day and away I go." He got his money and went back to Chicago.

The ore shoot on the St. Elmo was pitching end ways for my line. Anyone with any sense at all could see where it was going, but old Marsh never made any attempt to buy me out. The mill was running and doing first rate and the ore getting richer as they approached the Clara Belle. He acted as though I was going to make him a present of the Clara Belle. He had a good mill and seemed to be well pleased the way things were going. In fact he had the mining fever pretty bad, but it took him a long while to catch it. He delighted in telling how he could have bought all the Homestake stock he wanted for nine dollars, and how it is worth over a hundred. Now that he was close to ninety years old he wanted a gold mine bad, but did not have the nerve to buy one.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LITHIA PRODUCTION STARTS IN BLACK HILLS AND THINGS
LOOK GOOD

As Marsh made no effort to buy me out I concluded to start a shaft and head him off. I did not have to go down more than seventy feet. I thought I had considerable trouble up to that time, but right there is when my troubles began. I organized the Clara Belle Company with the expectation of selling the Treasury stock for the purpose of sinking a shaft and getting a small mill that I knew of. I had my brother, Charley, and his family come out from Illinois again. I did not have much luck in selling stock, for I had to be at home most of the time attending to the works. There had been so many stock schemes going on around it was hard to sell any, so I thought I would make a whim as I had a good horse. Then I started the shaft.

My brother and his boy, Rob, proved to be good men at all times and were a great help. With two or three other men we started work and got along pretty well till we got down fifty feet, and then the air got bad. I was not more than thirty feet from the St. Elmo end lines, so I thought I would drift over and break through and get all the air I wanted. There was only one man I could get to work in that place. The air would be so bad that we would have to put three candles together to get any light and then the blaze was only about a half inch high. He would not work unless I was with him and had to have a quart of whiskey a day, he said to counteract the foul air.

It took us seven or eight days to break through and came near killing us. I remember one time I was coming up the ladder and just about got to the top when I got dizzy. I held on for dear life and asked the man on top to help me out, but not to say anything about it

to Fred Muster, the man who was working with me. If he thought I couldn't stand it he would weaken. Many times I was near all in.

At times when I came up I would say I was all right, but to tell the truth I was about blind and ready to fall. I did not want to say anything about it as it would make my folks very uneasy if they thought the job was dangerous. We finally got a hole down five feet, filled it with ten sticks of giant powder and broke through. Then we had to stop part of the hole up as the air was so strong it would blow our hats off. We were on top of the ore and it was good. I borrowed some money and bought a two stamp Tremain mill, that had been used on the St. Elmo before Marsh put up his new mill. I understood how to run it, as I handled it for the St. Elmo people at times.

I soon got things going good and was commencing to get ahead a little and pay off some of my most pressing debts. When things were running right I could take out a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a day with an expense of about sixty dollars. I was crushing about ten tons a day and the ore went from fifteen to twenty-five dollars. I thought if that held out it would not be long before I was out of debt, and had a good gold mine to work on.

About that time Professor Reinbold told me that he thought George W. Holdridge, General Manager of the Burlington Railroad, would take over all the stock and pay me a good fair price for it. I went to Omaha to see him and he said he would send an expert to examine the mine and if he reported favorably he would give me a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for it. I came on home and shortly afterwards his expert came out. His name was Hall. He told me that Holdridge had two properties in view, one in Utah and my property. He seemed to have his hand out all the time and kept insinuating that I would have to give up a good part of

of it if he made a favorable report. I was getting good ore and doing well and did not put any money in his hand. I did not care whether I sold or not.

Reinbold told me that Holdridge and his party invested in the Utah property, blowing in a couple hundred thousand dollars and got nothing. I suppose Mr. Hall made his bundle though.

While Prof. Reinbold was examining the Clara Belle, he came across some ore I had out on the north end of the Tin Queen. I had taken out a few tons of amblygonite, but did not know what it was. He said it was amblygonite and thought it was rich in lithia. He made me a proposition: "I will give you ten dollars a ton for what you have out and will ship it to Frieburg, Germany. If it turns out to be good I will take a lease on the mine." I told him to go ahead. He shipped and told me afterwards it was first class.

As near as I know it was the first lithia ore ever shipped out of the United States and that was the start of the lithia production in this country. Meantime Mr. Reinbold acquired the Hugo and Peerless mines at Keystone, so did not lease my property. He is taking out lithia ores right along. He also worked the Etta mine for spodumene, which also carries lithia. My intentions were to pay all my debts and install better machiney. My experience in amalgamating came in handy. I soon had my brother, Charley, so he could attend to the amalgamation as well as I, so I was safe at the mill. My idea was to run just water enough over the plate so that the tailings would not bank. The heavy particles just dragging along behind and the old very seldom went over two feet from the morter before it amalgamated.

The Homestake Company runs a big flow of water over their plates, but they have a mile and a half to catch the gold. They also catch the slimes. But as I only had one plate ten or twelve feet long I could not

run the water over it like they did. That was the cause of losing about half the gold run through some of the mills in the southern hills. I, myself, have run through batches of ore that assayed a thousand dollars a ton and saved only about forty dollars, but it was partly refractory. I knew I was losing it but had to have the forty dollars.

I lost a good many dollars that way, but I was running, you might say, from hand to mouth, all the capital I had was what I could rake off the plates at night and from cleaning up the battery once a week. I figured I must have lost twenty thousand dollars in running through that batch of rich ore. However if I had a couple of thousand dollars to work on I am sure I could have saved it. The rich parts in the ledge occur when the gold ores come in contact with tin veins and other dykes. I had accumulated quite a batch of very rich gold specimens. I had some not much bigger than a man's fist with a hundred dollars in sight. When they had a Mountain and Plains Exposition or Carnival in Denver I was appointed with three other mining men to represent the Black Hills. I know I showed those people richer specimens of gold ores than they had ever seen. Undoubtedly I could have made a deal if I tried, as some of the Cripple Creek mine owners wanted me to go down and have a look at their property. Then they would come up and see my mine. They wanted to trade some of their stock for mine, but I was getting along all right and did not go with them.

When I got back the real trouble began. A part of the ledge had been cut off, but the richest part of it continued. As it had been cut off diagonally it looked as if the whole ledge was going off completely.

Well, I had been a rich gold mine owner for a little while anyhow. We kept on till we worked it all out. It left a gouge of about four feet consisting of ground up slate and a little quartz and granite. I wasn't surprised

about the ledge being cut off for I had told my brother several times before that, "When we come to the dyke that runs diagonally across the hill we are going to have trouble."

I figured now: The east side of the hill is a hundred feet higher than the west. The formation laid a whole lot flatter on the east, then straightened up and slid. When I get the ledge on the west side it will be permanent. I will start a new shaft and tap the ledge a hundred and fifty feet below the old shaft and then I think I will be below the gouge. I did not have money enough to pay my debts. Several of my creditors wanted their money right away, especially those I borrowed of to buy the mill and they caused me a lot of trouble. Johnny Foster worked for me several different times. One time there was fifty dollars coming to him. He said, "Give me a certain specimen and I will call it square." I paid off some debts with those specimens.

I was doing my best to sell the Treasury stock all the time, but the busy bodies circulated the report that I lost the ledge. I had, it was true, but I was sure I could find it again. However that report kept people from buying stock. I went at it just as if I had money. My brother and his family were game. They had faith in my finding it and helped all they could. I started the new shaft, but the foul air I had inhaled in cutting through the St. Elmo works was telling on me pretty hard. At times I would get pretty sick. It seemed as if the poison had settled in one of my kidneys, (as I afterwards found) and made me about half sick all the time. Right at the time when I should have been at my best, too, but I stayed with it sick or no sick. I know there were several times when I should have been in the hospital, but I was up when I was able and did all I could.

In course of time we got down about sixty feet with the little old home made whim. The water was seeping

in from the old shaft and lots of times we could not get the water out till ten or eleven o'clock in the morning.

It made slow sinking. The water soaked through the gouge at a point about thirty feet from the top. The formation was broken at the point and finally the water broke through and, as there were no timbers in the foot wall, commenced to come down pretty fast.

Rob Hebert and another man were in the bottom of the shaft. They did not start up any too soon, either, for the water soon dug a hole through and sent boulders as large as a man's head down the ladder. They managed to dodge them and came out safe. That put a stop to the works for the time being.

My friend, Charley Pilcher, who was assayer for the Wasp No. 2, knew of a small hoist and pump and through him I got the outfit in exchange for Clara Belle stock.

After I installed this I commenced pumping. It was the muddiest water I ever saw. We stayed with it and finally got it where it broke through. We timbered that the best we could and went on, but the water had done a lot of damage. After we got far enough to encounter the ledge in place of that we found the gouge. However there was enough good ore in it to pay and some of it was awful rich. I used to get fine specimens out of the broken quartz and mud.

We shoveled that mud into the bucket and when it reached the top it was so sticky we had to shovel it out. It looked as if it would make good brick. I am not in the habit of swearing much, but I thought "Damn" several times. Things were looking a little better as we went down with more quartz coming in. I had a man attending to the timbering and it looked all right when I went down. However he did not have the side timbers at the right angles. They should have been put in so that the more pressure there was on them the harder they would push up against the hanging wall. One

afternoon as I was going to the mine I met the men coming home. They said that the timbers had come down, a couple of sets of them at least, and had knocked one man into the water. That it looked as if the whole shaft was going down.

They kept telling me, "It is all off now, the pump will soon be under water." I said, "It may be all off for you fellows, but it isn't all off with me." I said to Bert Harley, "You come on back and we will go down and see what can be done." He agreed. The other men were more or less hurt and went home.

To make matters worse the pump was bucking. The suction hose was covered with mud. Harley explained to me how things looked so I took a couple sets of drills and went down. I saw that by drilling a hole under one of the timbers I might hold it, if the whole thing did not come down while I was doing it. Bert said, "I will put it in if you stay with me." I never saw a fellow work any livelier than he did putting in that hole. When he got it in about ten inches he drove a bigger drill in and put wedges on to catch the timber so it could not come down. We had it then. We went down and took the suction hose off and put a short piece of pipe on the pump and soon had it working. It took us a couple of weeks more to clean up that mess. A man's troubles are not over even when he has a gold mine.

CHAPTER XXV.

MAN IN CHARGE OF CLARA BELLE RECEIVES BATCH OF
WOOD THREE DIFFERENT TIMES

Through Mr. F. A. Gira, who was then promoting the Cuyhauga Mine in Custer county, I got in touch with Mr. A. C. O. Bartlett of Cleveland. Mr. Bartlett told me that he thought he could handle the Treasury stock, that he had friends who would take it. I told him to go ahead and place it, and I would give him stock for his trouble. He sold Mr. N. P. Boller, a rich foundry man of Cleveland (who was then over eighty years old but apparently had the mining fever), enough stock to pay for an eighty horse-power boiler. It was very plain that I would have to have an air compressor before I could go ahead much, as the steam from the pump would almost cook a man down in the hole.

We had so much trouble fighting the mud and water it makes me sick to even tell about it now. But finally we got down to where the ledge had been cut off and found it going off regular again. I was very anxious they should sell that stock for I was about swamped with debts. I owed over thirteen thousand dollars and felt it was time something should be done. I was about half sick at the time from the foul air and owed everyone I could see in all directions. I was hurrying Mr. Bartlett all I could. He sent his son-in-law, W. L. Lister, to size things up and take a few tons of ore to Denver and have it milled so they could know for sure where they were at.

I was working night and day shift at the time. He arrived about noon and I showed him around, explaining matters and told him we would take out as much as he wanted and ship it to Denver in a few days.

The next morning some of the men went up to the mine to go to work and found the shaft house burned

down. It burnt between six and seven, right after the night shift came off duty. It was a single board building and did not take long to go. One of the men came running in with the news. "The shaft house has burnt down." Lister looked at me and said, "Let's go." I was looking around the room for my coat and vest and he said, "What are you looking for?" I told him. He laughed and said, "You have them on." So I must have had a chill. He laughed about it and went up.

One of the men asked, "What will we do today?" I said, "You go right to work and clear those cinders away, we are going ahead with this work," I told the teamster to get his outfit and haul the smoke stack out of the way, to get some barrels and bring water for the men to fill the boiler for we had to go to pumping as soon as we could.

"Well," Lister said, "I have to go back on the train and was hoping I could see a little of the ore run through. I can't do anything now, so will have to go back." I told him I would run through some ore anyhow. I had some that had been taken out the day before so we steamed up and that afternoon made a run. I cleaned up a little and retorted it for him. There was two or three dollars in it. He said, "I will go back and see what I can do."

He left and they sent me a thousand dollars to pay off some of the most pressing debts. They also sent me a smoke stack and a small air compressor. They concluded to take the stock and divide it up among themselves but Mr. Boller is the man who put up nearly all the money.

Meantime I gave Mr. Bartlett several thousand shares of stock for making the deal.

We got down about two hundred feet with the shaft and commenced taking out good ore. It was plain that a new shaft would have to be sunk further down the

hill. It was planned to sink this shaft and to build a new ten stamp mill.

Messrs. Bartlett, Boller and Teachout came to see the little mill so as to make sure the ore was good. I told them to help my brother with the mill and they would see how it was. We ran several days, or until they were satisfied and took out from a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a day. They were well pleased and figured that if a two stamp mill could do so well that a ten stamp mill would do so much better.

They bargained with me for five hundred thousand shares of stock at 25 cents a share. They were to pay for one hundred thousand shares, or \$25,000, and four hundred thousand were to be placed in the First National Bank at Deadwood. They were to take up a hundred thousand shares each year at the same price and the balance of the Treasury stock was to be used to pay my debts. They went back feeling good.

I thought I had a good honest bunch of people in with me, as they all seemed very religious. They took the accounts for my debts and in a month or so paid them off, so I was greatly relieved.

Mr. Lister was named acting secretary and attorney for the company. He came out to take up the hundred thousand shares. I went with him to Deadwood and placed the four hundred thousand shares in the bank, and he took the hundred thousand and I received twenty-five thousand dollars.

He said to me, "Mr. Bartlett wants to borrow two thousand dollars as he had a fire and his shops are partly burned down. He will pay you back as soon as he can get around to it."

I let him have it as he was the main man in the company and I wanted to help him if I could. But he was merely making money out of the deal as he went along. He is kidding himself yet making himself believe he did not steal that two thousand dollars. He and

his son-in-law, Lister, were working Boller to the limit.

I turned the management of the mill over to them. No one knew how near worn out I was at the time. The Clara Belle Company began to go to the dogs just then, but in a way I am to blame for the failure. I had no business trusting in people's honesty when so much was at stake.

Some people may be good lawyers in their line, and some may be good men, seemingly intelligent, but when it comes to mining they don't use any more sense than an ordinary fool. Finally they started to build the new ten stamp mill and made a survey of the mine with the intention of sinking a shaft a thousand feet below the old one. The surveyors made a mistake about the way the ledge was running and I did, too, as the shaft should have been sunk about seventy-five feet up the hill to the west.

They started on the shaft and sent a man out from Cleveland to take charge. In fact he had been here a couple of months getting used to the place before he took hold. I don't like to belittle people, but of all the easy marks I ever saw he was the limit. It don't take these miners and people that work around mines very long to size a man up, and with him they did just as they pleased.

One instance I will mention. I had been told by some of the boys that a man by the name of Qualls was putting in wood for the company. He made Dole receive it twice. I happened to see Mr. Qualls in Rapid one day and he said, "When is the Clara Belle going to start up?" Told him I didn't know. "I want to get back there and see if I can put in more wood for Mr. Dole." I told him that if he did his wood would never be received twice again, for I was going to post Mr. Dole. He had a good laugh and said, "I don't suppose I will put

in any more, but Mr. Dole received one batch of wood from me three different times."

While they were sinking the shaft they had difficulty in meeting the pay roll. I went back to Cleveland twice objecting to their running in debt. One time I gave them seventy-five thousand shares of stock and told them I would not stand for any debts against the company, for it jeopardized my interests, but as they had charge, and as Mr. Lister, the secretary, was a corporation lawyer, they manipulated things to suit themselves. It seemed all I could do was to object and I did.

I tol them the works were run in an idiotic way and they seemed to think I was sore because I was not running things to suit myself, so I let them go ahead for a while. They wrote they were going in debt so I went to Rapid and had Chauncey Wood start a suit against them. After the papers were served I had a letter from Mr. Boller saying, "I don't like this thing of you starting a suit against us. I have been your friend all the time and still am. You know that I put in nearly all the money so far and I promise that you will get a square deal from me. It is not my intention to beat you out of anything, so stop that suit and I will see that everything is all right for you." Well I supposed he was telling the truth as far as he was concerned and I never pushed the case.

Mr. Boller was a very good man at the time and did not live long afterwards.

We had taken out considerable ore in the old shaft that we had thrown in a big dump by itself, and they started up the new mill on that. I was told they were getting seven or eight dollars out of it. I had not been getting less than eighteen dollars at any time out of that dump with the little mill. Of course they said I sorted it, but it was not true, for I milled it just as it came, slate and all. That was their excuse. I knew

when they did not save it, but as they were running the mill I let them go to it.

They began to think they made a bad bargain with me for my stock in the bank, which they still had to pay for, so started to maneuver to beat me out of it. I think Lister was an expert in that line. After they got that ore milled and as they were not getting any out of the new shaft, they shut down. They had the new shaft down 250 feet, then started to drift for the ledge. As it passed the shaft about seventy-five feet to the north and west of course they missed it. It had been surveyed wrong anyhow, and they never would have struck it the way they were going. All the good they did was to cut through my Tin Queen ledge, as I had a party working in there, who notified me when they struck it. They ran on a little further and after they stopped sending money the men quit.

I was at Thermopolis, Wyoming, at the time. When I returned I found a letter from them wanting me to take charge and go ahead and find the ledge. Several of the men had not been paid, and they promised they would send me money later on, after the work was started. I had a pretty good idea what kind of people I was dealing with by that time, but did not think they would try to beat me out of the stock in escrow, so I thought the best way was for me to use my own money and hurry and find the ledge.

Mr. Teachout, one of the stockholders, had a nephew out here, who was bookkeeper. He did the spy work and started in to borrow money from me right away. The idea was to get me broke so I could not fight back, but I kept him under pay, as I had nothing to conceal and was on the square. It would have been better though, if I had kicked him out.

When I went down the shaft I examined the place where they ran through the Tin Queen ledge. I found about four feet of ore that would probably average one

and one-half to two per cent, eighteen inches of it on the hanging wall was very rich. This proves up the Tin Queen in good shape. By using that shaft it would give me about three hundred and fifty feet of stoping but with the dog in the manger policy the Clara Belle people pursue it does me no good.

I started the works in a northern direction and after a few months' time began to encounter the narrow part of the ledge, which was on the east side. I got free gold and it looked as if I had the ledge. However the mine proper was twenty or thirty feet further on, but when I found the free gold the bookkeeper was busy and I did not know what he was writing about. I had put in nearly five thousand dollars, outside of my wages so they had my cash about used up. They trumped up debts right and left and Lister sneaked off to Rapid City and got Georfie Coates to apply for a receiver. He had a couple of hundred dollars coming from the company, debts they ran. By getting Coates to start it they could put in all the trumped up debts they wished, as they had bought tanks and other stuff they never used. Being experts in that line they fixed up their own way.

Sure enough they got their dirty work through without notifying me and the court appointed a receiver, and he came to displace me. Of course he was an innocent party and I could do nothing with him. However I think I would have had no trouble in cleaning up the whole bunch if they came on the ground. I blame Lister because he was the adviser.

CHAPTER XXVI.

E. C. JOHNSON OBTAINS COURT DECREE TITLE TO MANY
HARNEY PEAK COMPANY'S MINES

I could have gotten along first rate with Mr. Bartlett, if it had not been for that son-in-law of his. He could have made all the money he ever cared for. Mr. Boller was a fine old gentleman and was the goat for the balance of them. Mr. Teachout and Mr. Hewitt would have been all right and would have made money. Down right rascality does not win in the long run and all they ever did was to put up money and got nothing in return. They deserve it for the miners and mill men have a right to steal from such people.

I have been asked dozens of times, "Why is it the Clara Belle doesn't pay? Why is it not running? You made it pay with your little mill, handicapped in every direction and how with good machinery and well equipped all around the mine doesn't run." I will try to explain further on more reasons why it doesn't run.

Well, it was advertised that the Clara Belle was to be sold for debts and all those that had bills against it notified to present them at Rapid. I tried to stop the receivership by paying off Coates' bill but it did no good. I employed Colonel Parker to attend to my interest, but he died a week or so before the mine was sold. I saw Chauncey Wood and asked him to do the best he could for me. He said, "I told you they would try to beat you out when I started the case, but you would not believe me. You dropped the suit and now you put all your business in Colonel Parker's hands and I don't know where you are at. I will do the best I can for you, though."

A lawyer in Cleveland named Foster wrote me several times wanting to sell some of my stock on commission. Mr. Bartlett had written me, "Have nothing to do with him for he is not straight, if you do you will have trou-

ble." This same party came out a few days before the sale. He was supposed to be a great lawyer and the members of his profession in Rapid met and banqueted him. Chauncey Wood among them. I figured then I would get slim protection. The next day Wood said, "You had better put in your account of five thousand dollars and I will try to get that."

The mine was sold and I objected to the sale, but that's all the good it did. The price was ten or twelve thousand dollars. The men got their money for the last work and I my five thousand, after paying a commission for collecting it. Lawyer Foster bought in the mine for Mr. Boller. And this is the man they sent to do the dirty work Lister started. He is the man Mr. Bartlett warned me against. I had that letter in my safe, but it disappeared while Mr. Lister had access to it. Of course it would not do to have such things around.

Well, the mill started again with Mr. Dole, the easy man, in charge. They had to do considerable work before they got to the ore body proper. Right then they could have made a little money, but I understand they ran behind all the time. I went into the mill one day, a big sluice head of water was running over the table. I went to the rock crusher and saw that two-thirds of what they ran through was slate. I thought they were paying in luck if they got seven or eight dollars a ton out of it. In the mine the walls, especially the roof where the main body of ore is located, are very highly mineralized and by using machine drills and putting in big shots, they knocked down two or three feet of slate with the rock. They got colors from the slate and thought it would pay to run through, but the chances are it did not go twenty-five cents to a ton and it kept them from running through the good ore. The miners did not care what they sent down if they could get away with it. They certainly did not send down the best and they would have been foolish if they had.

They ran the mill more or less for a year or so. The last time F. A. Gira had a lease on it and had a mining engineer from Georgia run it. Being a mining engineer he must know something. After he had been running a while I went over to see how things were going. He showed me around the mill and mine. The mill was running the same old way, two-thirds slate and a big sluice of water over the plates. The excuse he had was that he could get so much more ore through by running that way. He did not know what he was losing and I didn't tell him.

We went down the mine and he didn't seem to know much about it. I saw in one place that two or three tons of rock were ready to come down. I told him he had better attend to that or he would kill someone. He didn't seem to know anything about mining at all, and the men who were working for him knew it. He put in most of his time drawing maps and making changes on top. Of course it was only a question of time when he would have to shut down and it soon happened.

I was told that the mine was again sold for debts and that Mr. Boller redeemed it. By reorganizing the company and calling it the Forest City (while there was another Forest City Company within five miles of the place) it was supposed to complicate matters that much worse, so as to beat me out of my stock.

Mr. Boller, the man who bid in the mine at the sales, is the son of the old gentleman who put in most of the money. I understand that Mr. Lister and Mr. Bartlett are now out of it. In fact, Mr. Boller thinks he owns it all. However I think he still gets his advice from Mr. Lister, as it is easy for him to vilify me and I know they tell all kinds of lies about me, thinking it helps their case. I also think that Mr. Boller means all right and that he certainly must know what his father promised me. I don't believe I would have any trouble

in straightening the matter out if I had not been misinformed against.

As Mr. Boller is a rich man and his health is failing, he is either in Long Beach, Bermuda, or Cuba most all the time and it is hard for me to locate him. That is the way the Clara Belle stands at present. Everything would be all right for them if I were dead, then they could bulldoze things through, but it is they who are dying. If they had run I would have had a settlement long ago, but it is my intention to sue for damages and see if I can't make them do something.

I had retained for myself my little thirteen horse-power hoist and two stamp Tremain mill. I put in a Whiffley concentrating table and intended to make a test run on tin ore. I ran some ore from the Tin Queen and Tin City and with just one concentrating table I recovered about one per cent. I could see, though, I was losing about a half of one per cent.

That demonstrated to me that the ore properly milled would pay, especially if tin was worth from forty to fifty cents a pound. I don't think it will ever be much lower. I ran through a couple hundred tons and intended to add some machinery so I should save most of what was getting away.

A party was running a saw mill close by and one night the mill burned down and caught on to my little mill and destroyed it. That kind of discouraged me and I never rebuilt.

At one time E. C. Johnson of Champaign, Ill., came out to my place and stayed a couple of months. He had some old prospects in the country and was having work done. During the long litigation of the Harney Peak stockholders over the alleged misappropriation of funds, Mr. Johnson bought and got court decree title to most of the Harney Peak Company's good tin mines and still owns them.

I received a letter from the editor of the Mining

Record of Denver saying he heard I had some good tin property. Several parties were inquiring of him if he knew where they could get some good ground. If I wanted to I could come down and see him, bring along some samples and he might be instrumental in making a deal. I went with my samples and saw him. He seemed to be confident that something could be done with the parties. He said, "There is a Black Hills man here by the name of Dr. Carpenter, what do you think about him examining the ground and making a report." Carpenter was the man who had been dean at the School of Mines at Rapid and I furnished him with hundreds of pounds of stream tin. I was told afterwards that he said it came from Bear Gulch in the northern hills, and never gave me any credit for it. As I made him a present of this tin I thought it was pretty small of him not to credit me with it. Apparently he had to have another crack at me. He said he knew all about my mines, which was not true, for he had never been on the ground and he said he knew of some parties in the northern hills that had something better. In that district they could get any amount of ground while I did not have much territory. He turned me down and I understood the parties, through him, invested quite a bit of money in that district. What Mr. Carpenter had against me is more than I know, but he certainly did me injury.

CHAPTER XXVII

BUREAU OF MINES SEND OUT TIN EXPERTS BUT ACCOMPLISH NOTHING

At one time Mr. Ladoux, the Harney Peak Company receiver concluded they would give one of the mines a test. That was the Cowboy, as the casiterite in that mine is very pure, free from columbite and tungsten. I understood they had decided to spend fifty thousand dollars to satisfy the stockholders. They sent out a man supposed to be an expert to spend the money. They started to pump out the water and worked a month or so before they found the pump was not big enough to handle it. By the time they got the new pump the hole filled up again. I was not there and don't know just what they did but I heard they finally got the water out and started to do some drifting. Something would happen and it would fill up again, and then they would pump. Nothing was accomplished till the fifty thousand dollars was spent. After that I understood the receiver turned down all the tin in the country.

There had been enough money spent on the Cowboy to put up one good tin mill and if I had half of what was spent I could have a forty ton mill running in less than four months on good ore.

It seemed as if the remaining stockholders of the Company were pretty sick of it and the custodian bought all their holdings, I understand, for forty-five thousand dollars, mill, mines and the finest kinds of ranches. It is reported that he got his money back two or three times over and still has some of the finest ranches left.

When the big war broke out the price of tin went up to seventy five cents and a dollar a pound. A company was organized in St. Louis or New York called the American Tin Company. But as they have a way of

changing the name of the company I don't know whether it is the National Tin or the American Tin. They bought several claims from the custodian and what was left of the mill. It was supposed they were going to put tin on the market. I don't intend to say much about that concern for they seem to be in hot water and have enough trouble of their own, but I am satisfied that the main trouble with them is bad management and it looks like they were going to make another failure.

I was having plenty of trouble of my own and will try to explain some of it:

I read articles in the newspapers that the Government intended to help the miners and prospectors to develop what they call war metals, that is: tungsten, tin, graphite, mica, lithia ores and other metals. It was reported that Senator Shafroth, of Colorado, was to be at the head of a Bureau for that purpose. I decided to write the Bureau of Mines in regard to it. I sent them some tin ore, that would go better than five per cent, and some of the finest kind of mica, graphite and amblygonite that would go ten per cent lithia. I got an answer right back.

I wish I could find it now as I would like to repeat it word for word. They stated that the Government was not helping anyone develop property but as tin was badly needed they referred me to Philip, Dodge & Co., the American Smelting Co., and other concerns whose names I can't remember.

Great Scott!! Referring me to Philip, Dodge & Co., after their expert turned the tin down years before, and now that Philip, Dodge & Co. are the largest tin importers in the United States I knew they did not want any one producing tin for it would break into their business. You might as well send a sheep to a wolf for advice I thought as send me to Philip, Dodge & Co.

The tin trust is the oldest trust in the world, origin-

ating hundreds of years ago in Cornwall, and they still control the tin markets of the world. They won't even let us import stream tin from the Straight Settlement without paying tribute, and then during the war they doled us out just what tin they cared to, as the United States was helpless.

It's the same with mica that they produce in such large quantities in India. Apparently they have cut the supply off entirely at the present. It won't be serious if they open the mines in the Black Hills for they will get plenty of mica.

I thought our Government might help to get this tin going, but it will be a hard matter, for apparently we get blackmailed right and left.

The Bureau of Mines sent out a couple of tin experts to examine the mines in the Hills. I met them and showed them around and explained to them as well as I could. They took several pounds of tin ore that would go from two to five per cent, and of course picked out some of the poorest they could find also. One of them was a mill expert, the other a mining man. I would like to know if he ever saw a tin mine before. I don't call these mines, I call them prospects, as we are not working any mines in the United States. This ore I gave them is as good as he could have found in Cornwall, Australia, or any other country, where they are milling ore for the tin it contains. I never heard from them and apparently they turned us down. That is how the Government helps the mining industry.

I don't believe in paternal government, I believe intelligent people should be let guide themselves, but when I read about the Universities established in different parts of the land to educate people how to raise potatoes and pumpkins, I don't see why they can't help to get this tin business started. It might go a long way in saving the United States seventy-five or a hundred million dollars for the tin we consume in a year. Were these mines

in any other country they could have been developed long ago.

The Black Hills has wonderful resources of acres of low grade ore that will pay to work by the cyanide process and will be worked some day. Custer must have five hundred locations on record, all gold claims. Several that I know of would justify developing. Some are large bodies of low grade ore, and some are small, rich ledges. I don't think there is a country in the United States can equal it for its mica mines.

The McMackin or Crown mine, the White Spur, the New York, the Climax and many others that I know of have produced first class mica. The Westinghouse Company owns most of them and are letting them lie idle. Of course some day they will be worked.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SUMMING UP OF MINING POSSIBILITIES IN RICHEST 100
SQUARE MILES ON EARTH

The Black Hills country has some big things in it. The Homestake, the biggest gold mine in the world. I think the Etta and Bob Ingersol are the greatest and will be the greatest in the world producing lithia.

In Pennington County, if we commence at Keystone, there should be thousands of miners working there right now on gold, lithia ores and mica. On the Etta Mine they have been working quite a force of men taking out spodumene, which is supposed to g^r from three to four per cent lithia.

I heard so much about a mine in California that is called the Stewart or Palla mine carrying lepidolite. I was told that there was a mountain of it. As I had occasion to be in San Diego a little over a year ago I heard a lot about that mine. They told me they were shipping ten or fifteen cars a day and that it undoubtedly was the biggest in the world. I took a three hundred mile trip to see it, being interested in lithia myself. When I got there the foreman was gone, as he had to take a man to a hospital in Los Angeles who was hurt a few days before. Those who were there showed me around. They thought I represented the Edison interest, as I was told they had parties there shortly before. I found in the upper works that they had three or four feet of lepidolite exposed for about thirty or forty feet. It seemed to be going down pretty good. They had a tunnel in the side of the mountain about a hundred feet below and struck the ore. They were running a raise to connect with the upper works. At no time had they ever shipped over two cars a week and very often not more than one. I found it was nothing but a pack of lies I heard about that mine. I consider it a good mine just the same, but the ore does not go over three per cent lithia. However the

residue is mostly potash. It would never pay to ship that ore to New Jersey if it were not for the potash it contains. The mine is on an Indian reservation called the Palla. There is a mission there, too. They have white foremen and the balance of the labor is mostly Indians. They seem to be good workers. They haul the ore on trucks to a place called Temecula seven or eight miles off, but they will never glut the lithia market, for the Etta and Ingersol mines are worth a dozen of it.

It is wonderful the showing at the Bob Ingersol mine. A man can well call it a mountain of ore. They have a much better showing of lapidolite than at the Palla. A good showing of mica at the end of a tunnel. There is lots of amblygonite in sight and they can glut the beryl market, for there are carloads in sight. At one or two points they have lots of columbite, some tin ore and a good quality of feldspar. There is no reason why Dennis Henault and his partner, should not make any amount of money, for there is a great demand for lithia ores all the time, principally for export. The Holy Terror Mine has produced some of the richest gold ore in the world. I understand it is bonded to Mr. Morgan of New York, together with a large group of mines, which would undoubtedly open up good. At present there is nothing being done on the gold.

Within a radius of three or four miles of Hill City are four or five good gold prospects, which some day will produce and they will produce tin there also.

Now when we get to Oreville, six miles south of Hill City, we have the Tin Queen and the Tin City, the ground that E. C. Johnson, Henry Albien and Johnny Foster have, and a few other good prospects, which would at the present time keep a good tin mill running. As far as the Clara Belle is concerned there ought to be a hundred men working there now. In talking with some of the men who did the last work, they tell me it

is just as good as ever with free gold all over the face of the mine.

With regard to the hill on the north end of the Tin Queen ground, I think I can make a statement that probably can't be duplicated in the world. For instance:

When at the top of the hill I stand on a big crystal of amblygonite. The ledge is about forty feet thick at that point composed of the finest kind of feldspar for pottery purposes, bunches of clear white quartz, and a good sprinkling of nice mica. Underneath that is a horse of slate about six feet thick, and under that a four foot vein of mica. That four feet of the ledge is composed of about one-third mica. I look over to the north about twelve hundred feet and there is the St. Elmo mine which has produced large amounts of gold. By swinging around a little to the west, the Clara Belle shaft comes in sight with its rich ore going right on down in good shape. Then by swinging over to the south about twelve hundred feet I see the Tin Queen ledge which crops about five or six hundred feet in the surface coming diagonally across the Clara Belle. I turn to the east about five hundred feet and see a low swale where I took out thousands of dollars in placer gold. A little below that about two hundred feet is a spring of water breaking out, which would furnish enough for the machinery. A photograph of the place would show the ground covered a fine growth of timber. I would go thousands of miles to see anything like that.

While there is not much doing at present, the resources are here and the time is not very far off when they will be developed. With its good water, fine timber and good climate it will make an ideal mining country. If any one doubts what I say about this Tin Queen let him hunt me up and I will show them what I say is true.

I know the Black Hills has a hard reputation. A mining expert was here from New York one time to

examine some tin property for his parties and I got pretty well acquainted with him. He seemed to take a liking to me. He said, "Do you know what the capitalists of New York think of the Hills people?" Told him I didn't. "Well, they think you are mostly bunko steerers, confidence men and horse thieves. I am satisfied they are mistaken though, but that is the reputation you have. I find nice people out here."

I showed him some ore and he was well pleased with it. He said it was just exactly the kind of ore they had in Australia and he said later he would try to make a deal with me. He went back and I never heard from him. He turned down the property he came to examine, but the country is used to that. He undoubtedly was employed by the tin trust. I saw his passport describing him as a mining engineer employed by the English Government. If anyone thinks the tin importers and producers don't do all they can against us they are mistaken.

I am satisfied there are thousands of people who would be glad to invest in these properties if they only knew the truth about them. But, when we look at the failures that have been made, like the Greenwood and Harnèy Peak, and many others that I could mention, no wonder the people call us bunko steerers and the like. I want to say right here that most of that class of men come here from New York, and if the parties who wanted our produce would come out and investigate for themselves I am sure there would be no trouble in making good deals. It don't speak much for the intelligence of our mining men here in the Hills that the country is not developed better. What we want is a few men like Sam McMasters. The Homestake Company had a twenty stamp mill running, I think they called it the Enos. It did not pay. McMasters said, "Twenty stamps won't pay but a hundred and sixty will." He had good backing and kept putting in stamp mills till now they have

over a thousand stamps dropping. Homestake mines are scarce, but there are others, and who knows but they will be developed some day.

Several young men have asked me to write something to give them an idea about prospecting, as they could not buy books that told them much. By reading this they will learn something of what a prospector has to go through even after he has struck something good. Knowing how to do things yourself is a great help. I did my own blacksmith work, timbered the mines, built the hoist, installed and ran it, built the mill and ran it, did the amalgamating, and what is more important of all, handled the money part of it. When one of the men quit I could step right in his place till I could get some one else.

When the law is enforced that will make it warm for a man to obtain money under false pretenses and puts a few legal advisers and rotten promoters behind the bar the mining interests will be greatly benefited.

In summing up: The most important things I did was to discover the Tin Queen and Tin City mines, the Clara Belle and Matchless Gold mines. These four claims will be worked hundreds of years after I am dead. They have the ore in them. I think I have done my part in developing the country the best I could and would like to see the man who has done more. I have heard and read several times that the Black Hills is the richest one hundred square miles in the world and the time is not very far distant when it will be proven.

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